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CONTENTS.

REVIEWS:	PAGE
Epic and Romance	321
English Schools at the Reformation	323
A Speculative Geologist	323
A Sunny Book	324
The Points of the Horse	324
Some Theological Books	325
FROM CROWDED SHELVES	326
FICTION:	
The Way of the Wind—The Speculators—A Pearl of the Realm—Charity Chance—The Supplanter—Joan Seaton—The Bloom of Faded Years—Lady Joan's Son—The Finger and the Ring—The Star Sapphire—Molly Melville	327
POETRY:	
Elfin's Luck—The Love-Philtre—Two Decades of Song—Shreds and Patches—Christ and the Courtisan—Poems	329
THE WEEK:	
Chronicle of New Books	330
New Books Received	331
NOTES AND NEWS	331
PROFESSOR DRUMMOND	333
ACADEMY PORTRAITS: XIX., Wilkie Collins	334
THE BOOK MARKET	334
CORRESPONDENCE	335
ART	335
DRAMA	336
SCIENCE	337
BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED	337

REVIEWS.

EPIC AND ROMANCE.

Epic and Romance. Essays on Mediæval Literature by W. P. Ker, Professor of English Literature in University College, London. (Macmillan & Co.)

WE have had from France for many years excellent criticism of mediæval literature; the honoured name of Gaston Paris (whose recent election to the Academy was but a fitting acknowledgment of long and fruitful work) will occur to everyone in this connexion, and there are younger scholars, MM. Bedier and Jeanroy, for instance, whose studies have been not only illuminative, but also good reading. In other countries something, too, has been done—Ten Brink has made a praiseworthy attempt to estimate the position of many Middle English writings. Criticism on a few mediæval authors, such as Dante, Villon, Joinville, has been ample in bulk, though not always so satisfactory in quality. But, in general, it may be fairly said that the great majority of literary mediævalists have had to work at the publication of MSS., to settle questions of language, to toil at glossaries and charters, in order to investigate, and even resuscitate, dialects and establish the correct texts of even the better known masterpieces that engage their energies and enthusiasms. The labours of two generations have resulted in a great mass of more or less satisfactory material: what must be done now is to criticise this from every point of view that is likely to give insight. Mediæval classics demand the treatment that has long been accorded to the classics of Greece and Rome, the same patient and trained consideration, the same æsthetic instinct, the same broad intelligence. No criticism can be other than imperfect that assumes to settle the Homeric problems without knowledge of the epical developments of other literatures: the early

phases of the Greek drama are curiously enough best illustrated by the chorus-plays of Mægala—to multiply instances were needless. The general history of literary developments in the West of Europe postulates the careful and delicate criticism of mediæval literature before it can pretend to explain the rise and progress of those modern forms in which thought and fantasy are enshrined for our own generation, as they were (with a difference, of course) for the generations of Shakespeare, of Pope, of Byron, and Scott, and Shelley. Marot and Spenser were not merely amusing themselves when they went back to Villon and Chaucer, as painters go back to the master-painters of the past, for encouragement and warning and suggestion; though the work of the Court psalmist and songster is a world apart from that of the vagabond and criminous clerk; and there is a deep gulf fixed between the Elizabethan Platonist and the Edwardian Epicurean—Italianate, indeed, both, but how opposed in style, in feeling, and in humour!

This book of Mr. Ker's is the forerunner, we would hope, of many good English books of criticism devoted to literature expressed neither in Latin nor Greek. The field is enormous, bovates unmeasured only waiting for the skilled husbandman. Englishmen have proved themselves shrewd, sober, and sagacious critics of the "tongues" and "humanities": they may do great things in this wider scope that is open to their efforts. And this performance of Mr. Ker is surely of good augury.

The purport of his book, then, is, briefly, this. After an introduction defining terms and range, and bringing out the peculiarities of the two tendencies, epic and romantic, in Teutonic literature, with much keen observation and much acute reflection, markedly free from exaggeration and prejudice, intent always upon the main themes, the author devotes his second chapter to the epic poetry of the Teutons, giving full and serious treatment to each phase and outcome of its spirit. Their oldest epics (*carmina antiqua quod unum apud illos memorie et annalium genus est*, according to a revered authority) are noticed, and their character, as it may be divined from the extant fragments and paraphrases, and from descendent poems, is aptly drawn. Next the English and German lays of the heroic cycles of Theodric and Beowulf, where it is noticed that there was a development going on which was turning the short episodic lays into regular epics "not by a process of agglutination," but by a change in spirit and imagination; the plan of the old story being kept in its simplest irreducible form, while the poet sought incessantly for

"the force and magnificence of a lofty and eloquent style. It was for the attainment of this pitch of style that the heroic poetry laboured in *Waldere* and *Beowulf* with at least enough success to make these poems distinct from the rest in this group."

The history of the Northern or Scandinavian epic is "the converse of the English development." It tends, with some exceptions,

"further and further away from the original common Teutonic type, from which all these

common forms and phrases have been derived that are found in the 'Poetic Edda,' as well as in *Beowulf* or the *Heliand*. . . . The rhetorical expansion of the older forms into an equable and deliberate narrative was counteracted by the still stronger affection for lyrical modes of speech, for impassioned, abrupt, and heightened utterance."

The infection of foreign models in one case, in the other the strengthening of the dramatic element in the old poetry (an element absent in England and Germany, save in a few surviving folk-forms), is clear, as Mr. Ker would admit; but he is concerned with tendencies and the underlying preferences that, under different vital conditions, were gradually making themselves felt, and he accurately describes these.

After a critical survey of the Scandinavian heroic lays, he concludes that they are neither of the *ballad* nor of the *conventional epic* class. They are not ballads, because their style is different—it is a style ambitious and capable of progress—not conventional epics, because they are essentially short, incapable of agglutination, artistically complete in themselves (whether they follow the older *episodic* type or the later *summarising* type); and also because of their strong dramatic and lyrical ethos.

"If ever epic poetry was made by a conglomeration of ballads, it must have had other kinds of material than this. . . . The need of a comprehensive epic of the Niblungs was not imperative. Neither was there any demand in Athens, in the times of Sophocles and Euripides, for a comprehensive work—a *Thebaid*, a Roman de Thèbes—to include the plots of all the tragedies of the house of Cadmus. It was not a poet, but a pure journeyman, who did this sort of work in the North; and it was not till the old school of poetry had passed away that the composite pure history of the Volsungs and Niblungs, of Sigmund and Sinfliotli, Sigurd, Brunhild, Gudrun and Atli, was put together out of the old poems. The old lays, Northern and Western, whatever their value, have all strong individual characters of their own, and do not easily submit to be regarded as merely the unused materials, waiting for an epic composer who never was born."

Here as regards the matter in hand one cannot but agree with Mr. Ker, and much that he says is worth the consideration of those who are concerned with the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. He is no less convincing when he touches on the "besetting temptations" of the heroic poets English and Scandinavian—the tendency to flat, didactic tameness in the former, the danger of over-emphasis and conceits in the latter.

"The triumphs of alliterative poetry in the first or English kind are the lay-swelling passages of tragic monologue, of which the greatest is in the Saxon *Gnæsis*—the speech of Satan after the fall from heaven. The best of the Northern poetry is all but lyrical: the poem of the Sibyl, the poems of Sigurd, Gudrun, Hervor. . . . Almost as if they (the Northern masters) had known the horror of infinite flatness that is all about the literature of the Middle Ages, as if there had fallen upon them, in that Aleian plain, the shadow of the enormous beast out of Aristotle's *Poetics*, they chose to renounce all superfluity, and throw away the makeshift wedges and supports by which an epic is held up. In this way they did great things, and *Voluspá* is their reward."

This is well said, and though some might prefer, as I do, the Helge lays and the old Atle lays to Voluspá, Mr. Ker's decision agrees with that of the best judge I have known.

The analyses of the various Northern treatments of the Sigurd and Atle cycle episodes are excellent and convincing. Their variations are clearly explained to be

"different presentations of the same subject not produced by accident or by casual and faulty repetition of a conventional type of poems, but by a poetical ambition for new forms. . . . As in the Athenian or English drama the story of *Œdipus* or of *Lear* might be taken up by one playwright after another, so in the North the Northern stories were made to pass through changes in the minds of different poets. . . . The relation of the *Atlamal* and *Atlakviða* is like the relation of *Œurípides* to *Œschylus*. . . . The idylls of the heroines, *Brunhild*, *Gudrun*, *Oddrun* are not random and unskilled variations, they are considerate and studied poems expressing new conceptions and imaginations."

And this theme is carefully and ingeniously worked out.

In *Beowulf's* lay the *Grendel* and *Grendel's* Dam adventures interest Mr. Ker most, and he looks upon the Dragon part as rather

"that of a late school of heroic poetry attempting, and with some success, to extract the spirit of an older kind of poetry, and to represent in one scene an heroic ideal or example with emphasis and with concentration. . . . But, while the end of the poem may lose in some things by comparison with the stronger earlier parts, it is not so wholly lost in the charms of pathetic meditation as to forget the martial tone and the more resolute air altogether. . . . The virtues of *Beowulf* are not those of a fictitious paragon king, but of a man who would be missed in the day when the enemies of the Gauls should come upon them."

Whether one agrees with this estimate or not, it is worth thinking over.

The description of the *epic proper* is good and distinctly quotable:

"The epic keeps its hold on what went before and on what is to come. Its construction is solid, not flat. It is exposed to the attractions of all kinds of subordinate and partial literature—the fairy story, the conventional romance, the pathetic legend—and it escapes them all by taking them all up as moments, as episodes and points of view, governed by the conception or the comprehension of some of the possibilities of human character in a certain form of society. It does not impose any one view on the reader; it gives what it is the proper task of the higher kind of fiction to give—the play of life in different moods and under different aspects."

But the best part of this volume is, to my thinking, that on those wonderful prose epics the Icelandic Sagas:

"The life of an heroic age—that is, of an older stage of civilisation than the common European mediæval form—was interpreted and represented by the men of that age themselves with a clearness of understanding that appears to be quite unaffected by the common mediæval fallacies and 'idolisms.' This clear self-consciousness is the distinction of Icelandic civilisation and literature. It is not vanity or conceit. It does not make the Icelandic writers anxious about their own fame or merits. It is simply clear intelligence,

applied under a dry light to subjects that in themselves are primitive, such as never before or since have been represented in the same way. The life is their own life; the record is that of a dispassionate observer. . . . The conventional form of the Saga has more of the common mediæval restrictions of view. . . . The invention of the common form of the Saga is an achievement which deserves to be judged by the best in its kind. . . . In their temper, also, and in the quality of their heroic ideal, the Sagas are the inheritors of the older heroic poetry. . . . They are imaginative dealing in actions and characters; they are not ethical or sentimental treatises, or reviews of chivalry."

This is, surely, sound shrewd appreciation. Excellent, too, is the individual criticism of of the Sagas analysing the simple tragic and broadly comic elements they contain. *Laxdæla*, *Hrafnkels* Saga, *Bandamanna* Saga, *Sturlunga* are each discussed, and the contrast between Joinville and Sturla is brought out in a masterly and convincing way. Mr. Ker has felt the Herodotean charm of the Icelandic masters, and has understood and expressed the powerful and keen qualities of the prose instrument they devised and employed, anticipating many of the finest properties and possibilities of the modern novel.

The chapter on the old French epic has much new and good in it. The place of the *Chansons de Geste* among the other Teutonic forms of epic is exactly and ably indicated. Its "gas-engine" propulsion, *par une suite d'explosions successives, toujours arrêtées court et toujours reprenant avec soudaineté* (as M. Gaston Paris puts it), its narrative neither stunted nor laboured, though continually broken, its massive diffusiveness, its style *not prismatic* but *diaphanous*, its contracted acquiescence in simple formulas, its too frequent inability to grapple really effectively with its story, its capacity of representing "strenuous and unruly life in a comprehensive and liberal narrative, noble in spirit and not much hampered by conventional nobility or dignity," its clumsy comedy, its long struggle with the invading romantic element, and final complete overthrow are all aptly noticed. With Mr. Ker's judgment on *Roland*, *Garin*, *Raoul of Cambrai* and *Huon* most students of these poems will heartily agree. Perhaps he is a little too stern towards the *Orange* cycle, whose glorious episodes atone for the wearisome super-plenitude of hapless Moors, and the stupid brutalities of *Rainoart au tinel*.

In his final section on the old romantic schools of France there is much fine and careful criticism, many enlightening remarks. It is not with the romantic spirit and its best manifestations that he is so greatly concerned as with the mass of the romantic output. He is considering less the sublimities of the *Grael* and the *Lancelot* prose than the elegant, fluent sentimentalities of *Benoit* and *Chrestien*, or the quaint pseudo-classicism—as, for example, the corrupt following of *Ovid* (which was through the *Vetula* to end later in such splendid results as *Celestina*). He is not tracing the influences of the Celtic magic, but rather the working of the classic leaven, the fermenting orts of the Greeks' and Romans' confection.

The book ends with an admirable exposition of the position and achievement of Chaucer—

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His "*Troilus and Criseyde*."

"is the poem in which mediæval romance passes out of itself into the form of the modern novel. . . . Instead of leaving it a romance, graceful and superficial as it is in Boccaccio, he deepened it, and filled with such dramatic imagination and such variety of life as had never been attained before his time by any romancer, and the result is a piece of work that leaves all romantic conventions behind."

Personally, I think Mr. Ker rather overrates Chaucer; but it is a pleasure to find the case for him put so wisely and well as he has put it here.

After reading the charming versions of the appendix, one puts down the book with a hope that another volume of studies by the same hand may follow before very long. Above all, one would wish Mr. Ker to undertake the historic and æsthetic criticism of the Arthurian cycle, for the "matter of Britain" is of supreme importance in mediæval letters. One would like to hear what he has to say on *Rutebeuf*, on *Villon*, on *Long William*, on *Walther*, on *Henrysoun*. He must not try and escape the "burden of Dante." There is plenty of work for an earnest and capable student, endowed with the love of his subject and that balanced judgment and self-control that mark the true critic.

I have said my say, and while I have tried to let the book speak for itself, I hope I have answered the author's kindly request for my opinion. I can only deplore that my master and fellow in those Northern studies which Mr. Ker has so warmly and judiciously advocated may never behold a book in which he would, I am sure, have taken unmixed delight.

F. YORK POWELL.

THE OLD GRAMMAR SCHOOLS.

English Schools at the Reformation. By A. F. Leach. (A. Constable & Co.)

It is not too much to say that this is the most important contribution to the history of English education below the universities that has yet appeared. Students of the subject have for some time past entertained grave and growing doubts with respect to the validity of the position claimed for Edward VI. and the Reforming party as the patrons and promoters of higher education. It has been left to Mr. Leach to vindicate these doubts, and to demonstrate

that the fabric of this claim is based upon a vision. His book will clear away once for all any misconception that may still exist upon the subject—at any rate, so far as historical scholars are concerned; but popular delusions die hard, and that the commonly accepted view which he has clearly proved to be erroneous will be discarded forthwith by the multitude is too much to hope for. Still, the fable has received its death-blow, and its decease is but a matter of time.

Mr. Leach's book is not written to assert an iconoclastic theory or a startling paradox. His conclusions are founded on the contemporary records, and his authorities are placed before his readers in full. Every statement made in the first part of his volume may be checked and verified by reference to the second portion. "Edward VI.: Spoiler of Schools," is a trumpet-blast that will startle the smug complacency of many a good Protestant clergyman in his country parsonage: yet, if such a one can still hug his *gratisimus error* after reading the evidence set forth, he must, indeed, be of a stiff-necked generation. "With Edward VI. personally, of course," says the author, "we are not concerned, the expression 'Edward VI.' is only a short form for the predominant protector of the moment." The number of grammar schools (and the term includes Winchester and Eton) in 1535 is estimated at over 300; and they performed the same functions as those schools which prepare boys for the universities at the present day. Besides these, there were chorister or song schools, and elementary schools; a complete system, in fact, of primary and secondary education. The grammar schools were, as a rule, departments of cathedral churches, monasteries, collegiate churches, colleges, hospitals, chantries, or gilds, while some were, like St. Paul's School, independent foundations. All but the last class would necessarily be affected by any legislation that dealt generally with religious and semi-religious institutions; and the Act of 37 Henry VIII., which dissolved the greater monasteries, including as it did colleges, hospitals, and other ecclesiastical establishments, swept away a large number of schools. The survivors were left as victims for the Chantries Act of Edward VI. Although the King states in his *Journal (Literary Remains of Edward VI., p. 414)* that the sale of the possessions of the chantries, colleges, and free chapels was "for the payment of my dettes," it was intended that the grammar schools should be endowed with a portion of the landed estate, or of the proceeds of the sale, and a temporary provision in the shape of fixed payments was directed to be made pending the issue of a "further order" which was to carry out the endowment scheme: but owing to the disorders of the time, and the financial embarrassments of the government, that "further order" never came. In response to the dissatisfaction which was strongly expressed at the making away with the schools and "the devilish drowning of youth in ignorance," a few schools were re-founded by Letters Patent, and a portion of the ecclesi-

astical estates restored to them or other lands given in their place. But the great majority had to remain content with the fixed stipend, which, though fairly adequate in some instances for the time being, became, through the diminution in the purchasing power of money, steadily less so, and eventually too infinitesimal to be of any value for the purpose intended. The result in a great number of cases, where no future benefactors came forward, was the extinction of many of these schools, and those that did survive were sadly crippled in their usefulness. On the other hand, those to which endowments in land had been re-granted, came in for all the advantages of the "unearned increment," and

"by their wealth and by their good works we can measure the loss sustained by their contemporaries and compeers, who were restricted to a fixed sum that has long since shrunk to a miserable pittance."

With the grammar schools went the song schools and the elementary schools, and the blow inflicted on musical education by the disappearance of the former is dwelt upon with some pardonable bitterness. That England was, relatively to the conditions, far better provided with secondary schools than it has ever been since was more than suspected by those who have investigated the subject of mediæval education, and Mr. Leach shows that this was so. His figures work out for the country at large as one grammar school among every 8,300 of the population, instead of one for every 23,000 as appears from the Schools Inquiry Commission's Report to have been the case in 1865. In some counties the proportion is even higher: as in Herefordshire, which had 13 among 60,000, and Essex, which had 16 among 22,000. The attendance also was large: "wherever numbers are mentioned they are surprising for their magnitude." The standard of the teaching, too, in Latin at least, obviously could not have been low. As regards the class that frequented the grammar schools in town or country, it was "the younger sons of the nobility and farmers, the lesser land-holders, the prosperous tradesmen." Touching the moot point of the meaning of the phrase "free school," Mr. Leach rules in favour of Dr. Johnson's guess, but supports his ruling with facts and arguments which seem to place the question beyond further controversy: so that after all a free school meant "a school in which, because of the endowment, all, or some of the scholars, the poor or the inhabitants of the place, or a certain number, were freed from fees for teaching." Finally, to sum up,

"as for poor Edward VI., meaning thereby the ruling councillors of his day, he cannot any longer be called the founder of our national system of secondary education. But he, or they, can at least claim the distinction of having had a unique opportunity of re-organising the whole educational system of a nation from top to bottom, without cost to the nation, and of having thrown it away."

We have noticed one slip: "head master" for "high master" of St. Paul's School on p. 57, though the latter is rightly put on p. 90.

A SPECULATIVE GEOLOGIST.

Autobiographical Sketch of James Croll, LL.D., F.R.S., &c., with Memoir of his Life and Work. By James Campbell Irons, M.A. (Edward Stanford.)

NATURE gave James Croll a purely philosophical mind, and it was in the application of this gift to geological and cosmical speculation that he achieved success. He drifted into geology, but his eye often looked beyond the circumstances in which the necessity for existence had placed him to the airy region of metaphysics, where stones and strata give place to ideals, and the entire universe is reduced to a process of determinations.

"There were," he wrote in his autobiography, "two important and, to most people, interesting sciences for which I had no relish, namely, chemistry and geology, more particularly the latter. . . . In truth, it was more by accident than by choice that I became a geologist."

It was only after spending a precarious life as millwright, joiner, tea-dealer, temperance hotel-keeper, insurance agent, and janitor of Anderson's College and Museum, Glasgow, that, at the age of forty-six, he was given a post of comparative comfort on the staff of the Geological Survey of Scotland, his duty being to act as secretary and accountant of the Survey at Edinburgh. This was in 1867, but before that time he was known in the scientific world as an original speculator on perplexing problems in physics and geology.

The paper which laid the foundation of Croll's scientific reputation was on the causes of the changes of climate during the glacial epoch. It is very well known that over a large part of this country, North America, and the Continent, evidences of ice-action are found in the form of grooves and deep scratches on smoothed rocks, boulders which must have been conveyed far from their original homes, and rounded blocks. These features have long been regarded as witnesses to the former existence of abundant ice and glaciers in regions which now enjoy temperate climates. Various theories have been propounded to account for the change of climatic conditions which must have occurred, but none have been so widely accepted as that worked out by Croll. Starting with certain astronomical facts as to the change of form of the earth's path around the sun, and of the direction of the earth's axis, when long periods are considered, he arrived at the conclusion that the length of winter varies regularly in consonance with these cosmical mutations. At present the winters are eight days longer than the summers, but the excess may be as much as thirty-six days, in which case the summer's sun would be unable to melt all the winter's frozen mantle, and the accumulation of ice and snow thus brought about would eventually produce an Arctic climate in temperate latitudes. With a view to determine when the conditions capable of producing this result had occurred in the past and would recur in the future, Croll calculated the form of the earth's orbit for three million years back.

and one million years onward. As a result of his computations, he assigned the commencement of the last glacial epoch to a date 240,000 years ago, and regarded it as ending 80,000 years before the present time. For a generation this astronomical explanation of cold periods in the earth's history dominated geological thought, but opinion has lately gone against it.

Philosophy was Croll's first and last love; his first work was on the "Philosophy of Theism," and when old age was creeping upon him, he renewed his metaphysical studies, and reverted to the consideration of such subjects as force, matter, determinism, causation, evolution, &c., his thoughts upon them being afterwards formulated in *The Philosophical Basis of Evolution*, published shortly before his death. In this work, Croll contended that evolutionary processes betokened intelligent purpose, and that the course of nature must be under the direction of a Supreme Will.

Croll's life was not without its interesting incidents. Before his appointment upon the Scottish Geological Survey could be secured, the Civil Service Commissioners expected him to pass an elementary entrance examination, but he was plucked in arithmetic and English composition. Those who have likewise failed will cherish the remembrance of this defeat of genius. Notwithstanding the failure he obtained the appointment; for, upon the recommendation of Lord Kelvin,

"the Civil Service Commissioners, with a wisely liberal relaxation of their rules, accepted his great calculations regarding the eccentricity of the earth's orbit and the precession of the equinoxes during the last 10,000,000 years as sufficient evidence of his arithmetical capacity, his book on the Philosophy of Theism and numerous papers published in scientific journals as proof of his ability to write good English."

Croll was of a very retiring nature. Though he contributed as many as ninety-two papers to scientific literature, as well as many sporadic letters, he was only personally known to a small circle of friends. Even when the British Association met in Edinburgh in 1871, he did not attend any of the meetings, notwithstanding that he was then official representative of the Geological Survey Office in that city.

Many other points referring to Croll's scientific work and his characteristics could be mentioned, but enough has perhaps been said to exhibit the broad features of both. If we add to the geological dissertations already mentioned his book on stellar evolution and his papers on ocean currents, which he maintained were produced by the prevailing winds of the globe, we have a group containing his most weighty contributions to science. What stands out more clearly than anything else in his life and letters is the philosophic bent of his mind; his heart was never wholly given to geology, and he was glad when his retirement from the Geological Survey enabled him to go back to abstractions.

Mr. Irons is a deep admirer of Croll, and the trouble he has taken to build up a tribute to his friend's memory deserves a measure of praise. But for all that, we think he has not exercised sufficient dis-

crimination, and he seems to have included material simply because it was available. Another defect is the large amount of duplicated matter, practically all the biographical account being a repetition of the autobiography, or of statements found elsewhere in the volume.

A SUNNY BOOK.

On the Trail of Don Quixote. By August F. Jaccaci. Illustrated by Daniel Vierge. (Lawrence & Bullen.)

THE author and the artist who have made this book were to have journeyed together through La Mancha. This proving impracticable they went separately in the same year, Mr. Jaccaci following his friend, and using his drawings as an itinerary. The result is a delightful book, full of sunshine and silence; full, too, of glimpses of the gaunt Knight, to whom La Mancha has paid the homage of changing as little as possible, since his shadow quitted her plains. Most of M. Vierge's illustrations might be illustrations to the story told by Cervantes. Here are the dry, stony plains, the white-walled villages, the trains of muleteers, the surly goatherds, the inns filling and emptying with brown-skinned carriers and labourers, the crazy windmills dotting the distant slopes, the dust-raising flocks of sheep, and the freakish sunshine working its will on all. Perhaps nothing in Mr. Jaccaci's notes so connects the La Mancha of Don Quixote with the hardly less remote La Mancha of to-day as this alternation of sunshine and gloom. How many a page of Quixote's adventures comes back as we read:

"Decrepit buildings, half-ruined villages, ragged mendicants, have their daily hour of unrivalled splendour. Dilapidated objects and commonplace scenes touched by the sun of the south are turned by this incomparable magician into visions of loveliness. In the course of the day the glorious light dwells on each detail of the landscape, in turn giving it inexpressible charm and beauty, and leaving it a dull corpse whose life has departed."

We now understand how that wizard sun helped the Knight's madness. It was in the horizontal rays of the early morning, on the plain of Monteil, that he saw the windmills as giants; but says Mr. Jaccaci:

"Poor Quixote does not seem so mad after all when one first sees the row of mills [on the Campo de Crigitano] set irregularly on the crest of a hill, and looking like nothing one has ever seen, more like a collection of queer primitive toys stuck there by the weird caprice of a lunatic. As one approaches and views them one by one, those clumsy-looking affairs, propped up like very aged persons, are thoroughly fantastic. No wonder the worthy knight mistook them for giants."

In this paralytic land much chatter runs on the Knight, and the villagers quarrel to decide where Cervantes, or his hero, was born, or what Quixote did here, or what was done to him there. But their knowledge of the matter is small. This is how a lazy fellow, a connoisseur of bull-fighting, and a

loafer in the little inn at Argamasilla, delivered himself on the Book:

"Yes, Señor, Don Quixote was a funny chap. It's a great book though, and known to the whole world, even to the heathen and to the English, and the others. I read it, and found it droll reading, but the best of it I did not get. There is much in it for persons of learning. They all say who know that the science of the world is there, and that when you understand it you can get as rich as you want. But I am ignorant, and was only amused. Don Quixote was a very ridiculous fellow, surely! Think of his taking those wenches at the Venta for castle maidens! Jesu, what an ass he was! And Sancho, you say? Well, he is like you and me, he wants to eat and sleep and get along with everybody in a nice way. But, then, I don't know the book. There is something in it I can't get hold of, which makes priests and the like read it over and over. Don Federigo, a lawyer, who lives now in Madrid, says there is not another book like it, so full of politics and everything."

That is good. Mr. Jaccaci is to be thanked not only for a charming commentary on Don Quixote, but for having induced the greatest living master of pen and ink drawing to do for La Mancha and Quixote what he—a Spaniard—could alone have done. M. Vierge's drawings number nearly one hundred and fifty. Many of his subjects are so slight and commonplace that an inferior artist would have scorned them. Here they live and speak and allure.

"MAKE AND SHAPE."

The Points of the Horse. By Captain M. Horace Hayes. Second Edition. Illustrated. (W. Thacker & Co.)

It is safe to assert that no man in England knows more about the horse as a species than Captain Hayes does. He has spent many years in travelling the world over, teaching the secrets of training and breaking; and in course of his career must have handled examples of the majority of breeds known to man. It was this very breadth of knowledge which, in the eyes of English readers, impaired the utility of the first edition of this book; for it is certain that therein he accorded English breeds of horses no greater share of attention than others, and notably passed over the hunter classes with a lightness that amounted to heresy. Two years' residence in the shires has opened his eyes to this defect and its gravity; hence the new edition making amends for the sins of omission in the first.

The book now is one deserving of high praise. Captain Hayes is an acknowledged authority on horse flesh; but it is not every master who is at such pains to teach well what he knows himself. Every page bears indication of care and patience in collecting and preparing a vast mass of detail. The illustrations form a great feature of the work, and these betray an amount of inquiry and research which speaks eloquently for the thoroughness of the author's method. He has made it his object to secure photographs which shall show in greater or less degree every good point and every bad one that should be sought or shunned in the

conformation of the horse; a task which involved, he tells us, inspection of about ten thousand animals. We fully appreciate the difficulty of grouping some 400 illustrations, to very many of which frequent reference is required throughout the work, and therefore, we are disinclined to be critical; but we think that in arranging the plates the educational value of contrast has been somewhat overlooked. For example, we find facing p. 210 five photographs of legs showing large bone below the hock; facing p. 212 are photographs showing light bone: it would have been an improvement to transpose a couple of the figures for greater facility of comparison. Captain Hayes is well up to date in those sections relating to English breeds; but is he quite right in referring to extravagant action as being "greatly prized among fashionable harness horses"? We are inclined to think that fashion has condemned as the monstrosity it is, the showy equine absurdity which raised its knee to its bit and put down the foot about one-fifth of a natural stride from the spot whence it was lifted. Hyde Park on a fine June day is the best field for observing the fashion in carriage horses; and we are decidedly of opinion that the horse which throws out his legs and covers the ground has been more in evidence during the last few seasons than the "high stepper" which uses his forelegs like a pavior's rammer. We are glad to find confirmed by so good an authority the belief we have long held, that fast galloping across ridge and furrow is probably more trying than the jumping to the shoulders of the hunter. The repeated jar the rider feels when crossing such land proves the severity of the strain on the forehead.

SOME THEOLOGICAL BOOKS.

The Spirit on the Waters: the Evolution of the Divine from the Human. By Dr. Edwin A. Abbott. (Macmillan & Co.)

WHETHER or not one accepts all Dr. Abbott's conclusions — his version of the doctrine of the Trinity, of the Divine Sonship of Jesus, of the theology of St. Paul — it will not be possible to deny that he has made an interesting book. He writes temperately, sanely, and with evident conviction and sincerity; and the product of his labours may bear comfort and encouragement to many who, imbued with the sentiment of Christianity, are troubled by the results of criticism applied to its authentic documents and the past history of the Church. There is a wise saying, with which Dr. Abbott is familiar, as to the imprudence of putting unfermented wine into old skins; and it occurs to us that, in his attempt to express in the language of Christian theology his views as to the mystic truths of the spiritual life, the author has run a danger which he might have avoided. Ink would fail us to enumerate the heresies into which, in his attempt to rationalise Christian dogmas, Dr. Abbott technically falls; and if he has managed to preserve the terms, he has succeeded, in some instances, at the expense alike of the words themselves, which he has

wrested from their integrity, and of the lucidity which is so invaluable in a treatise intended for popular use. But it shall not be gainsaid, the book makes for righteousness.

Footprints of the Apostles as Traced by St. Luke in the Acts. By Herbert Mortimer Luckock, D.D. In 2 vols. (Longmans.)

IN these volumes the Dean of Lichfield pursues the narrative of the early days of the Christian Church, which he began under the title *Footprints of the Son of Man*. The book does not appeal to so wide a circle of readers as does, for instance, Dean Farrar's treatment of the same subject. The Protestant Dissenter, who gives the latter work a place of honour on his shelves, would reject Dr. Luckock's book, for he insists upon the Divine constitution of the episcopate. Even the Low Churchman must avoid the Dean's exposition of the Acts, for it is full of a kind of Popery, in respect of the sacramental system; and a Catholic must similarly keep clear of it, if for no other reason, because the writer ignores the supremacy of Peter, and because on the subject of grace his ideas are hard to reconcile with the teaching of the schools. There remains that section of the Church of England of which Dean Luckock is a distinguished ornament. For the clergy of that school of thought which has grown out of the Oxford Movement these volumes provide a singularly helpful magazine of Scriptural defences, and they will besides serve singularly to lighten the task of adapting to the popular understanding the comments requisite for the elucidation of the historical narrative.

The Influence of the Scottish Church in Christendom: Baird Lecture for 1895. By Henry Cowan, D.D. (A. & C. Black.)

DR. COWAN uses the term Scottish Church in the widest sense, so as to include not only the post-Reformation Kirk by law established, but the Catholic Church of the Middle Ages, and it would seem also the Protestant Episcopal communion existing, from the sixteenth century downwards, side by side with the first-named. These six lectures, therefore, cover a very wide field, and the breadth of their survey gives them an interest more than provincial. Yet not the least important lecture of the series is the last, upon the influence of the Scottish Church in the promotion of political liberty and spiritual independence. None of the Protestant Churches has so constantly maintained the principle of national responsibility for the provision of religious ordinances, and, at the same time, has so strenuously opposed every encroachment from the side of the secular power upon the doctrines of spiritual autonomy.

Village Sermons. By the late E. J. A. Hort, D.D. (Macmillan.)

OF a very different type are the two-dozen sermons which a well-advised filial piety has prompted Mr. A. F. Hort to arrange for publication. They are simple with the simplicity that waits upon consummate scholarship, fervent with the chastened

ardour of a cultivated man, sonorous and dignified with a style formed upon the music of the English Bible and the gravest writers of the National Church. There is nothing of Carlyle, Emerson, and Stevenson in them (we believe these were the three writers prescribed by a correspondent in a contemporary as the proper sources of inspiration for a curate who would be on a level with the times), but there is a great deal of Isaiah, Paul, and John. Twelve of the discourses are rather of the nature of lectures upon the books of the Bible. They are distinguished at once by tact and by sincerity; a child could understand them, and a scholar could hear them pleasantly and with profit.

The Hope of Israel. By the Rev. F. H. Woods. (T. & T. Clark.)

UNDER this title, Mr. Woods reprints the lectures lately delivered by him in Lincoln's Inn Chapel on the foundation of Bishop Warburton. Important from their intrinsic merit, they are doubly so as marking this vast change which has recently come over the Protestant Churches with regard to the interpretation of the Bible. The intention of the pious founder was, as Mr. Woods reminds us, "to strengthen that branch of Christian evidences which rests upon the fulfilment of prophecy." Yet his latest lecturer finds himself compelled to declare that "even religious men are seriously asking whether the prophets had any real predictive power at all" — a question which he himself answers by supposing that they were gifted with

"a strong creative imagination. . . . The announcement of God's judgments and goodness directed their minds to the future in which God's way would be justified. This, combined with natural clear-sightedness, produced those often vivid pictures of the future, which, though not fulfilled in all the details which their vivid imagination painted, nor quite as they themselves seem to have expected, were yet fulfilled in their main features, and point to a very remarkable, if we ought not to say supernatural, power of foresight, such a foresight as to justify their own claim to inspiration."

In elaboration of this, he points out that "the prophets were mistaken in all of what we may call the outward aspects of the Messianic hope," that "it would be an anachronism to say that the prophets predict an incarnate God," and that the beautiful figure of the "Man of Sorrows" in Isaiah liii. typifies only the Jewish nation. The apparent acceptance in the New Testament of the Davidic authorship of the (Maccabean) Psalm cx., he gets over by assuming that "our Lord's knowledge on these points was really limited by the time in which He lived." On the other hand, he claims that "there is hardly a single element of the religious and spiritual side of Jewish prophecy which has not been partially fulfilled in Christian history." Everyone anxious to discover an intelligent reconciliation on such points between religion and science should read this book. To the profane critic the question "What would Bishop Warburton have thought of it?" will probably suggest itself.

FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

The Land o' Cakes and Brither Scots. By T. B. Johnstone. (Alexander Gardner.)

SCOTSMEN who have lived in lands other than their own are in many cases excellent men; but when they take public speech "by the haun," or the pen of a ready writer, stay-at-home Scotsmen are apt to be a trial. They are convinced that in all respects, bodily, mental, and moral, theirs is a race which is superior to all other races; and they do not hesitate about saying so. Mr. T. B. Johnstone's work is like all the others of its large class. It is a monument of conceit and immodesty. Here, once more, we have familiar inquiry into "the characteristics of Scotsmen" and "the causes of Scottish characteristics," together with the usual tedious self-glorification. From the schoolmaster's point of view the book is written well; the chapters are fillets of history, creditably cooked; but, none the less, the performance will make any travelled Scot who reads it blush with vicarious shame. Sir Walter did not write as the modern Northmen do. He saw worth in Englishmen, in Flemings, and even in Muslems, and in his writings he did not withhold his appreciations. Respectfully calling to this fact the attention of the modern Scots, we assure them, in the friendliest spirit, that the less they write about their "characteristics" the more the characteristics will be perceived by Englishmen, and the better liked.

Golf in Theory and Practice. By H. S. C. Everard. (George Bell & Sons.)

THE new book on golf is not without faults. There is fearsome bombast in it. The iron clubs of bygone ages, we are told, "appear, from their enormous weight, to be better adapted to the sport of hammer-throwing than to the usual circumstances necessitating their use." Again:

"preservative against wet is a coating of dissolved gutta-percha; a few parings of balls may be put into a small stoppered phial and covered with bi-sulphide of carbon; but the learner should flee from the haunts of men, for the smell is as the quintessence of a thousand sewers, and to remain in the company of fellow-mortals with an unstoppered bottle is to court the malison of one's closest friend."

Likewise: "Knocking two strokes into one, you will have taken the bread out of your enemy's mouth, and the only cereal he will taste for the nonce will be the bread of affliction." If they judged by those citations only, our readers would conclude that Mr. Everard was a dull man striving to be bright. We make haste to say, therefore, that his lapses into vulgarity of style are very few. His book, on the whole, is quite admirable. His knowledge of golf and golfers is exceedingly minute and intelligent, and his gift of exposition is extraordinary. We should say that there is scarce a good golfer who will not become a better from studying the work.

Sophocles: the Seven Plays in English Verse.

By Lewis Campbell, M.A. (Murray.)

MR. CAMPBELL, the accomplished Greek professor at St. Andrews, publishes a new edition of his Sophocles in English verse. We are of those who vastly prefer prose translations of poetry to verse translations, except when a Shelley, or Fitzgerald, or Rossetti is the translator; and Mr. Campbell, though no mean master of poetic phrase and rhythm, is not a poet. His versions of Æschylus and Sophocles are obviously excellent in scholarship, but as poems they are decent, uninspiring, mildly interesting. No doubt, much may be said in favour of such translations, for those whose classical scholarship is either in its infancy or its decay: it stimulates or reminds such scholars to meet with the ancient tragedies upon a side purely artistic and imaginative, to recognise or to remember that, after all, the art and imagination are the things of immortal moment. But readers wholly innocent of classical learning, to whom Greek is an absolutely unknown tongue and the genius or spirit of Greece a mystery, will not profit by such means. For the secret of Sophocles, to take but him, lies in his language, inextricably interwoven with it: the English verse can give the general meaning and drift of his sentences, but not the subtlety of his magic, the elusive delicacy of his style, the artful grace of his ways. He sinks, in another language, from himself into a sort of Attic Racine—fine, indeed, yet frigid, shorn of his mellow glory. Most versions of classical poetry read like modern imitations of the originals: the vital spirit has left them, and we are conscious of a certain depressing deadness. As a death-mask, rigid and frozen, to the living features with their mobile play and animation, so are translations of ancient poetry to that poetry itself. It is not true that the language of literature is an accident, not an essential: it is not true that Dante is Dante in German, that Milton is Milton in French. As well might we transpose and transform the materials of painter and sculptor and think to lose nothing. "A very pretty poem, but you must not call it Homer," is a saying of universal application. Mr. Campbell's poetic translations have their merits, conspicuous and plentiful, but they are not Sophocles, not Æschylus; no, not even adumbrations of them. In the new preface the date of Mr. Matthew Arnold's death is misprinted 1883 for 1888.

A Midsummer Night's Dream. Edited by E. K. Chambers. (Blackie & Son.)

MR. E. K. CHAMBERS is assuredly among the foremost of our younger critical scholars, and has already done a goodly deal of excellent editing. To a great and patient erudition, especially in the literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, he unites a fine literary sense, a fresh and frank enjoyment of good art, which preserve him from any approach to dull or eccentric pedantry, to prosaic theorising. Much knowledge often seems to atrophy the sense of humour, to deaden the power of recog-

nising the impossible or the absurd: witness, how many a German upon Homer and Shakespeare! But Mr. Chambers will never lose either his common sense or his good taste, and any book of his editing is sure to be edited worthily. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, recently published in the "Warwick Shakespeare" series, is no exception. It is wonderfully rich in illustrative matter, and no aspect or interest of the play is neglected. Perhaps the most valuable piece of work is the essay upon *The Fairy World*, as variously conceived or treated by Shakespeare's age; it is a fascinating theme, of which the investigation is rendered fruitful in the extreme, through the great progress of folklore in recent times. Not that the writer in any degree swamps poetry with anthropology, but there is just enough of sound science to stimulate a student and suggest thought. In his treatment of chronological and historical questions Mr. Chambers is modestly convincing and delightfully sane: two rare praises for Shakespearean scholars. In brief, here is an edition to be unreservedly commended.

The Sources of Spenser's Classical Mythology.

By Alice Elizabeth Sawtelle, Ph.D. (Yale). (Boston: Silver, Burdett, & Co.)

ANY work of literary scholarship with the imprimatur of Prof. Albert S. Cook, of Yale University, is likely to be meritorious, and Miss Sawtelle's little Spenserian "classical dictionary" is painstaking and useful. Perhaps it does not altogether make sufficient allowance for Spenser's debt to the Italians, and credits him too uniformly with a classical knowledge at first hand; but it certainly emphasises with great effect the undoubted fact of his studies, both wide and deep, in antiquity. Miss Sawtelle's work won her a doctorate in the English department of Yale, and she has well deserved it.

All-Fellows: Seven Legends of Lower Redemption, with Insets in Verse. By Laurence Housman. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

A KIND of fantastic Franciscanism, sometimes more bizarre than beautiful, yet always with elements of beauty—that is what Mr. Laurence Housman gives us here. Fellowship with piteous creatures, "lower" natures, outcasts and waifs, the orphans and starvelings of life, is here commended to us through parabolic legends, mystical folklore, little tales wrought gently and delicately in cunning words. Between them come snatches of verse, which seem at once aloof from the tales, yet subtly relevant to them, and illustrations, which are in Mr. Housman's happiest manner of design. It is a difficult, a perilous form of literary art that he practises: the excellently quaint is so near to the foolishly uncouth, the sensitive to the sentimental, and a forcing of the note would ruin all. But here there is none of this, only a very singular and choice success: it is a book of most pleasant beauty, and will find response to its appeal. Some of its touching tales are in the spirit of Arnold's "Saint Brandan" and "Neckan":

"O ruth of God," the priest cried out,
'This lost sea-creature saved!'"

and the Neckan's sigh :

"The earth hath kindness
The sea, the starry poles ;
Earth, sea, and sky, and God above—
But, ah, not human souls !"

And in such things there is more than a graceful, pathetic fancy : there is a very sound strain of theology. Mr. Housman's "Legends of Lower Redemption" have some of the highest saints upon their side, and some of the highest singers.

* * *
The Eclogues of Virgil. Translated by Sir George Osborne Morgan. (Henry Frowde.)

We have been both surprised and delighted by this little volume, with the modest promise of its preface, and the admirable performance of its appointed task. Our surprise is caused by the closeness with which the hexameter of the Eclogues can be rendered into English hexameters ; our delight arises from the apparent ease with which the translator accomplishes a work which is really most difficult. The literalness of the translation is most remarkable, line after line showing a word for word rendering of the original, without the smallest sacrifice of rhythm or swing. Verse translations of the Eclogues are by no means numerous ; of hexameter renderings we cannot call to mind a single one. But Sir George Osborne Morgan has effectually disposed of the late Lord Derby's denunciation of the English hexameter as a "pestilent heresy," and shown that it is the only metrical dress for Virgil's sylvan muse. It is a little remarkable that, in spite of the scholarly care that is everywhere manifest, the translator should have ventured—in the second line of the first Eclogue—on a spondee in the fifth foot. One can only grieve that the cares of public life have prevented Sir George from carrying out his original intention of translating the whole of Virgil. But even for this fragment—dedicated appropriately to Mr. Gladstone as one who has known how to lighten the cares of a statesman by the recreations of a scholar—every lover of Virgil will be grateful.

FICTION.

The Way of the Wind. By Charles Kennett Burrow. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

WE have a vague impression of finding Mr. Burrow's *Asteck's Madonna* among the more promising of first books. The promise is well redeemed in the maturer work with which he now comes before us. *The Way of the Wind* is a singularly beautiful and, within its limits, a singularly complete novel. Mr. Burrow's style is serene ; he has made his ideal of the subtle and restrained, rather than of the vivid and the forcible. The choice has its element of renunciation ; something that insists upon itself is needed to capture the multitude ; but those to whom a patient art is dear will have their pleasure from Mr. Burrow's unaffected

English, with its sober charm and its careful attention to the architecture of sentence and paragraph. The story is not unworthy of its presentment. Frank Herriot and Arthur Barron are friends, old friends of college days. Herriot, an honest country gentleman, with poetry in his soul, marries in illusion. The wife amuses herself in town and leaves her husband to befriend his tenants. Arthur Barron is entrapped by her beauty into a genuine passion. After a long struggle temperament triumphs, and he goes "the way of the wind." The tragedy of the thing lies in the utter unworthiness of the woman, to whom two lives are sacrificed. She is a light woman, essentially a wanton, within the conditions of her birth and upbringing. She rises to the level of neither man ; her husband she almost unconsciously dupes from the beginning ; her lover she never makes an effort to comprehend. In the moment of passion she is a vague disappointment to him ; his remorse bores her ; and before long she leaves him and returns to Herriot. The drama is worked out with psychological insight and human pity, and with a profound sense of the genuinely tragical elements in life. We welcome in Mr. Burrow a notable recruit to the ranks of serious writers of fiction.

The Speculators. By John Francis Brewer. (Methuen.)

The speculators are, heaven be praised, not Stock Exchange speculators. Their comedy has nothing to do with "slumps" and "options." At the opening of the story Lord Tremayne, George Colborne, and Frank Barrow are engaged in a triangular controversy on the origin of the moral sense in the pages of the "Modern Spirit," a review. It is, in fact, the familiar motive of the philosopher in love that Mr. Brewer puts before us. His polemical moralists, for all their theories, are the caprice of the earth-spirit, tossed about and made ludicrous by the promptings of purely human impulses and brute instincts. It is a pretty bit of comedy. To enjoy it, however, you must accept Mr. Brewer's point of view. It is not life that he gives you, but a fantasia of life : life as he chooses, with humorous intent, to interpret or frankly to distort it. And your liking for the book will depend on your sympathy with the interpretation, with the selection, for the purposes of exaggeration or caricature, of elements that of course are really there. In any case, it is undeniably a clever book, and would perhaps be a brilliant one, if much of the inspiration were not so obviously derivative. To write a novel in epigrams is not as easy as it looks. In its latter-day form it has become complicated with a desire to translate into literature the methods of impressionism in painting. Impressionism asks so much confidence that it is bound to be absolutely sincere ; the least affectation, the least attitudinising, and you are gone. Mr. Brewer has wit and penetration, and he can write ; but the conditions of his success are to take himself seriously and to abjure posing. At present he does not always command our confidence.

A Pearl of the Realm. By Anna L. Glyn. (Hutchinson.)

It is strange that it should be accounted a recommendation, in the case of a novel, that in it fiction has been made subordinate to fact. Such, however, is Miss Glyn's simple boast, and whatever credit is due to this subordination we willingly allow her. The writer seems to have received her first inspiration from a chance allusion to "the sumptuous House called Nonesuch" in a MS. "Life of the Earl of Arundel," where it is described as "a pearl of this realm." About this palace she has built up her tale. She expresses a modest doubt whether to readers unfamiliar with the parish of Ewart her story will have much interest. But, to tell the truth, the story depends very much less than its author supposes upon local associations. For our own part we derived most pleasure from the occasional glimpses of the Queen Henrietta Maria, with whom the little heroine, Margerie, took refuge from her wicked guardian, and some descriptions of old London. Considerable pains have been taken to reproduce the manners and speech of the period ; the historical facts are accurately outlined ; and though the story would have been improved by further compression, at least it gives evidence of conscientious and intelligent work. There are some pretty love scenes and a deal of thwarted villainy.

Charity Chance. By Walter Raymond. (Bliss, Sands & Co.)

Charity Chance is above all things a pleasant book and as such it ought to be very welcome. There is an old-world flavour, an utter lack of modernity, about Mr. Raymond's writings which makes them particularly attractive in these days of many problems. Somerset is at least a century behind the times, probably the most old-fashioned county in the kingdom, and *Charity Chance*, like the author's earlier work, *Love and Quiet Life*, is full of that great and restful quietness which is so characteristic of the county and so full of charm to the casual visitor whose brain throbs with the ceaseless hum of the cities. Mr. Raymond is, indeed, a somewhat superficial observer, absorbed in a poetical contemplation of the beauties of the country and the quaintness of its inhabitants and wilfully ignorant of the sordidness of much of the life around him. The steady degradation of the farmer is a sad reality : there is a wealth of hidden tragedy in the bitter fight ever raging between the old and the new.

Mr. Raymond strives after no originality of plot. He tells an old story, the history of a girl with aspirations engaged to a young man whose tremendous healthiness of mind and body refuses to sympathise with the vague restlessness that comes of doing nothing and dreaming much. The appearance of the inevitable poet with long raven-black hair and large, far-off, wandering eyes, a Radical "who does not believe in God, or Queen Victoria, or tithes," leads to the inevitable complications, but Mr. Raymond will have no tragedy. In his

hands we feel that the story ends naturally in the now unconventional showers of rice and old slippers.

The Supplanter. By B. Paul Neuman. (Methuen & Co.)

MR. NEUMAN sets a rather dangerous example in this book. *The Supplanter* is simply the story of Jacob and Esau, told in fifty chapters instead of a few verses, and framed in the nineteenth century instead of a prehistoric epoch. The fidelity of the transcript is daring. The Jacob of the narrative buys his elder brother's birth-right, not, indeed, for a mess of pottage—though a frivolous reader might say that the heir of the Jordans had messes enough and to spare—but for £1,000 down. He deceives his sick father by the Scriptural device of wearing his brother's coat—a “hairy” one, by the way—and so wins the blessing of the firstborn. Again, it is the mother who is the prime mover in these trickeries; and, when the fraud is discovered, it is to a distant relative (whose dealings with him are quite in the manner of Laban) that the impostor flees in fear of his life. All this is curious; but it is not a source of strength to the book—a clever, but unequal production. Once the Biblical theme is abandoned, the wheels of Mr. Neuman's inspiration manifestly drag; and the last part of the book, though interesting to readers of Mrs. Humphry Ward, shows a falling off in point of the qualities dear to the average novel-reader. Indeed, that person is likely to miss many of the beauties of Mr. Neuman's book, which is thoughtful to a degree rare in days when novels tend more and more to run in the serial groove. The character of Jim, who is a coward and knows that he is a coward and rebels against the knowledge, is a clever study.

Joan Seaton. By Mary Beaumont. (J. M. Dent & Co.)

IN this book the authoress proves that she not only possesses the capacity for writing short stories in a fresh and dainty style, as was shown by her first book published a year ago, but that she is also able to hold our interest in a more elaborate tale. As in *A Ringby Lass*, the scene is laid in Yorkshire, and the characters are racy of the soil. The story concerns itself principally with the Stansfelds, the Seatons, and the Pigots, families whose “forefathers had been battle comrades and private friends for centuries, with an occasional historic break in the friendship still remembered in the dale.” The interest centres in the loves of Humphrey Stansfeld and Joan Seaton; but there is a minor romance, which is frustrated by an ambitious mother: this is tenderly treated. The final repentance and confession of the proud and capable Mrs. Seaton is well portrayed. The character of Joan Seaton is attractive, and in her father we have a picture of a personality both strong and sweet. The Yorkshire character, with its common sense, its sarcasm, its outward roughness and inner

kindliness, and its pervading superstition, is well delineated, and the authoress leaves no doubt in the reader's mind of her familiarity with the class of people about whom she writes. Here is her estimate of the Dalesman: “But the ancient virtues still abide. The soil which has tenaciously cherished old superstitions has fostered in some minds a religious faith and a spiritual insight to be matched only in the lives of the greater saints.”

The Bloom of Faded Years. By Walmer Downe. (Greenock: James M'Kelvie.)

THE author of this work apparently knows nothing of literary style or structural coherence. Such sentences as the following should have been impossible: “. . . commenced to various tasks.” “Appearances go a long way with regard to everything.” “I despise to pull down a counterful of goods. . . .” The scene of the story is laid mainly in Edinburgh, though some of the characters pay flying visits to Ireland, the United States, and Havana. Half the characters talk in high-flown periods, while the other half express themselves in broad Scottish. Mr. Downe is at his strongest in dialect. When he writes English the result is best described in his own words: “Some people have a matter clearly defined in their own brain, and state it to another as they think quite satisfactorily, but in reality 'tis shrouded in ambiguity.”

Lady Jean's Son. By Sarah Tytler. (Jarrold & Son.)

WHEN *Lady Jean's Vagaries* appeared anonymously about two years ago none of the critics who welcomed it so warmly recognised in the writing of the bright Scotch story the experienced hand of Mrs. Tytler. On the title-page of the present volume, however, the authorship of the earlier story is formally acknowledged. *Lady Jean's Son*, a complete work in itself, forms an admirable sequel to *Lady Jean's Vagaries*, and, in style, treatment, and subject, is a worthy successor to that volume. Like its predecessor it is a story of Edinburgh in the eighteenth century, and deals for the most part with the celebrated Douglas case. That case was heard in Edinburgh before sixteen judges, who found for Andrew Douglas, but on being taken to the House of Lords that decision was reversed, and “Jock” Douglas, as his friends called him, was triumphantly reinstated. Into the comparatively well-known incidents of the famous trial Mrs. Tytler has woven the threads of a very pretty little love story. She takes for her heroines two Scotch girls, one the daughter of an earl and the other a simple gentlewoman, and so contrives that the result of the trial is inextricably bound up with their happiness. In fact, if Jock Douglas wins his case Lady Margaret is to bestow her haughty person on him, and little Jeanie Erskine is to marry the rising young barrister who conducts the defence.

The characters of the two girls and their admirers are interesting studies, and the effect on their respective temperaments of the weary waiting while the case drags on to a conclusion is admirably rendered.

The Finger and the Ring. By Charles James. (Ward & Downey.)

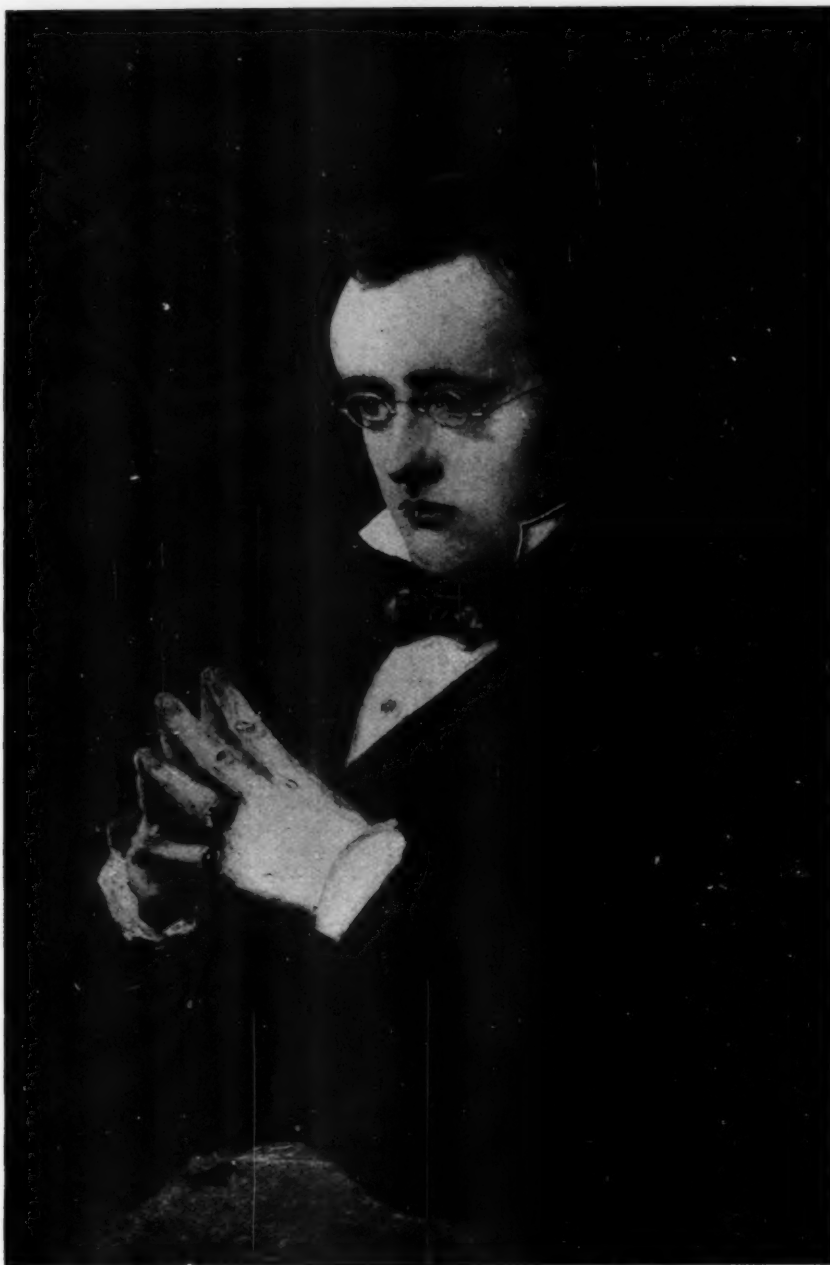
MR. JAMES has produced his novel thirty years too late. Had it appeared in the sixties, such a clever approach to Dickens' style might have been appreciated; but now Mr. Andrew Lang has told us that Dickens is not read by the new generation, and on this assumption we should not like to predict any great measure of popularity for Mr. James's clever and painstaking novel. We use the word painstaking advisedly, for the author follows his model closely in depicting a large number of characters, and in describing their actions at great length with a superabundance of detail. Mr. Treacle is a faint echo of Sam Weller, with a dash of Tom Pinch; the Marquis of Fritchington irresistibly recalls Mr. Dombey; Gerty, in the first portion of the story, has a distinct likeness to Miss Pinch; Judd's Rents might be a modern Tom-all-alone's; and Mr. Doran, the Preacher, and Mr. Snowdrop all remind one here and there of other characters by the same author. The style shows a similar want of originality, and many of Dickens' mannerisms are closely reproduced. At the same time, we do not wish to imply that Mr. James's book is not a clever one; it requires ability to produce even a good imitation of so great an original.

The Star Sapphire. By Mabel Collins. (Downey & Co.)

THIS is a book with a purpose, but the story is not sacrificed in the endeavour to teach a moral lesson. It deals with the problem of an inherited craving for alcohol, and the development of the tragedy is not weakened by exaggeration. Philip Tempest, the husband of the fated woman, is a strong, as well as pathetic, personality, and the story of his chivalrous care of the beautiful woman whose vicious habit has killed his love is effectively told. Laurence Monkwell, the “Star Sapphire” of the book—who in hard work as a hospital nurse strives to find solace for a hopeless love—is a strong and interesting character.

Molly Melville: a Tale for Girls. By E. Everett-Green. (Nelson & Sons.)

MOLLY MELVILLE is a lovable creation, and her career will be followed with sympathy by Mrs. Everett-Green's girl readers. The characters are well portrayed, and the interest of the story is maintained throughout. The book does not lack incident: a railway accident, a perilous experience in a subterranean cave, and a snowstorm, all help to bring incipient love affairs to happy issues.



WILKIE COLLINS

From the Picture by Sir John Millais, P.R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery



POETRY.

Elfinn's Luck, and Other Poems. By A. E. Hills. (A. D. Innes & Co.)

The Love-Philtre, and Other Poems. By Helen F. Schweitzer. (John Macquellan.)

FROM Lord Tennyson and Adelaide Procter the author of *The Love-Philtre* has her literary derivations:

"So Tristram took the sea with fair Ysolt—
Ysolt the beautiful, Mark's destined bride—
And through the long blue summer days they sailed
Ever away."

Her volume begins with seven pages in that familiar manner. Tennyson himself, in his lifetime, was a little sore about imitation, for imitation is hardly ever, despite the proverb, a form of flattery. Moreover, the trick was well and easily caught, as the inventor knew when he wrote—

"Most can grow the flower now,
For all have got the seed."

The author of *The Love-Philtre* cultivates the Muses' garden to most purpose when these are her flowers. The shorter pieces that follow, and have their poetical mother in Miss Procter, are less successful.

Mr. Hills has a way of his own as well as a Tennysonian way. When *Elfinn's* father decrees to him the bride who has refused his suit, the youth declares:

"Leave me to win the maiden: for her hand
Without her love were but a hiltless sword
Which cleaveth while one grasps it."

The whole tale of *Elfinn's Luck* is well and vigorously told; and the Boy Bard, who appears at the King's Court, says a monumental thing in its way when he cries out:

"And all earth's songs are in each song I sing"
—especially, of course, Tennyson's songs. Other happy lines has Mr. Hills in his shorter poems, as where he says:

"Love is the only yes—all else denies."

His sonnet, "A Death-bed Judgment," expresses, with feeling and solemnity, a thought that belongs mainly to modern poetry. It has already been broadly expressed by another living poet in the lines:

"Is it the all severest mode
To see ourselves with the eyes of God?
God rather grant at His assize
He see us not with our own eyes!"

Mr. Hills's quite original rendering of the same reverent reversal of the familiar attitude is as follows:

"Weak-purposed, fallen; purposeless, wind-swayed, base,
Discredited, self-scorned; son of the sky
Condoning, half, the villainess of the sty,
Mire-splashed, plume-broken, recreant from the race,
Despairing, callous! Dost murmur, 'There is grace?'

Scarlet turn snow because one haps to die!
Penitence real, when sin no more can buy!
With this dare meet Omniscience face to face!

"And yet at times I feel God knows, at times
God pities, times God strengthens—I might dare.

But there is one to whom I could not tell

My thoughts so needless vile, my follies,
crimes:
Oh, my pure childhood's soul, thou couldst
not spare—
Hurl thy scorned recreant into deepest hell!"

Two Decades of Song. By Capel Shaw. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)

Shreds and Patches. By James Dowman. (W. Jolly & Sons.)

MR. CAPEL SHAW, in some "Lines from a Poem written to my Father," thus declares himself:

"Deem it not strange that I have further gone
Than thou thyself wilt go in casting off
The bonds that ignorance fastened on our race."

Emancipated as he is Mr. Shaw apostrophises Paradise as "the fabled home of rest," and "a dream of some pain-bitten mind." But Mr. Shaw had his dreams, too, it seems. He would use his "soul unfettered" and his "dauntless mind" to "scale the summit of glory" and "win the praise of my kind":

"Fruitless again! Have I won them,
Greatness and honour and fame?
Nay, they are still ungathered,
The people know not my name.

"Alas! I have done but little
Of all that I thought to do.
Little, too little, I say to my soul,
For one who is thirty-two."

As the book is entitled *Two Decades of Song*, the age of the author leaves us the loophole of supposing that some at least of the contents were written before the author had begun his teens.

Mr. Dowman would have done better to confine himself to verses of the "Coortin' in the Kailyard" order, in which he has a certain directness and melody. Mr. Dowman, too, is

"Disillusioned of old superstitions,
From dogma set free";

so, of course, he is very scornful of the "Maudlin Moralisers," of whom he says:

"With groan and gasp they will recite
Each evil grown gigantic."

And they are indicted again as to the dance:

"They can smell the social evil
In a polka or a reel,
And the waltz will play the devil
If the nerves a tremor feel."

Nevertheless, we have Mr. Dowman hymning Savonarola, who was, of course, the arch-Puritan of his time. But Mr. Dowman is not really at home except in denunciation. And who has it next? The poetaster:

"Of all who have sacrificed thought
None equal the class poetaster;
With sense he's successfully fought,
And dulness he rules as a master.
He longs for the Laureate's bays,
Imagines he shows inspiration,
And mumbles his meaningless lays
That gain well-deserved—execration."

If you have a sermon that teaches you nothing else, therefrom you can learn patience, says George Herbert. There are verses, too, themselves empty, from which you may draw your fill of the little ironies of our common human destiny.

Christ and the Courtesan. By R. H. Fitzpatrick. (W. Stewart.)

MR. FITZPATRICK is an admirer of Rossetti, and so far we have no grievance against him. But when his admiration seeks to express itself by the method of imitation we are bound to make a protest. The audacity of his subject might be excused if there were any sign of genius in the treatment; but when in the elaboration of a fantasy so repulsive there is betrayed so plentiful a lack of training in the elements of syntax, a sense of humour so rudimentary, and a self-assertiveness so immoderate, mercy seems out of place. For an instance of the writer's humility, see the prelude "Jesus," in which his august subject is implored not to weep that He is forgotten, but to take courage from Mr. Fitzpatrick's example and philosophy. Then, to console Him, Mr. Fitzpatrick's white roses

"Shall draw thy ghost or beauty from above
To quicken a new birth."

For an instance of what a sense of humour would have suppressed, read—

"And then she sang. Ah, God! to see the moon
Out-leaning, all one ear, to revel in that tune."

The rhyme also is worthy of remark. And, finally, here follows an instance—and it does not stand alone—of Mr. Fitzpatrick's regard for Saxon syntax:

"For 'tis in moments thus [i.e., such as this] we live."

Another:

"And her bosom white was a land where grows
Lilies [sic] mingling with the rose."

Yet now and again we catch a glimpse of something better.

"The unshuttered eyes are empty, busy death
Is draping those fond windows"

is vivid, if not altogether novel, and a few such lines scattered over his fifty pages suggest that the day may come when Mr. Fitzpatrick will dislike *Christ and the Courtesan* as much as we.

Poems. By J. B. Selkirk. (W. Blackwood & Son.)

MR. J. B. SELKIRK's poems will doubtless interest the Scottish man. For the indifferent Southerner, we fear, too much seems to hang on dialect. What is commonplace in English gains a sanctity for the Scot by reason of being in the tongue hallowed by Burns. Stripped of dialect, his muse appears thus:

"GOOD-BYE.

"We stood together while the bell was ringing,
There in the busy station by the sea;
Near us a soldier's wife in tears was clinging
Close to her husband's side. No word said we,
But, looking both away, our own eyes met:
A quick confusion took me, and a blush
Went up her lovely eyes and face; but yet
No word was spoken, till there came a rush
Of hurrying feet, and in the buzz and crush
I held her hand a moment; I forget
What then was said, for speaking was cut short

By first the engine's whistle, then a snort—
'Twas off! O Lord, what trifles, more or less,
Can block a lifelong contract—No or Yes!"

SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1897.

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THE WEEK.

CHRONICLE OF NEW BOOKS.

[This article is a chronicle of books published during the week. Reviews will follow in due course.]

MR. HARDY'S
NEW NOVEL.

The Well-Beloved appeared as a serial under the fuller title of *The Pursuit of the Well-Beloved* in the *Illustrated London News* in 1892. Since then Mr. Hardy has re-written a few of the chapters, and the story now appears in six-shilling form, being the seventeenth of the Wessex novels. The Isle of Slingers, in which the drama is chiefly laid, turns out to be Portland Bill, and the importance of this localisation is made clear by Mr. Hardy in his Preface, from which we quote the following:

"The peninsula carved by Time out of a single stone, whereon most of the following scenes are laid, has been for centuries immemorial the home of a curious and almost distinctive people, cherishing strange beliefs and singular customs, now for the most part obsolescent. Fancies, like certain soft-wooded plants which cannot bear the silent inland forests, but thrive by the sea in the roughest of weather, seem to grow up naturally here, in particular amongst those natives who have no active concerns in the labours of the 'Isle.' Hence it is a spot apt to generate a type of personagelike the character imperfectly sketched in these pages—a native of natives—whom some may choose to call a fantast (if they honour him with their consideration so far), but whom others may see only as one that gave objective continuity and a name to a delicate dream which, in a vaguer form, is more or less common to all men, and is by no means new to platonic philosophers."

The book is divided into three sections, under the headings: "A Young Man of Twenty," "A Young Man of Forty," and "A Young Man Turned Sixty." The following lines by Crashaw are quoted by

Mr. Hardy on the page facing the first section:

"Now, if Time knows
That Her, whose radiant brows
Weave them a garland of my vows;

"Her that dares be
What these lines wish to see:
I seek no further, it is She."

SOME HISTORIES OF LITERATURE. MR. HEINEMANN'S series of short histories of the Literatures of the World promises to be useful and interesting. The first volume, dealing with Ancient Greek Literature, is by Mr. Gilbert Murray, who is practical in his aims.

"I have tried," he writes, "at first unconsciously, afterwards of set purpose—to realise, as well as I could, what sort of men the various Greek authors were, what they liked and disliked, how they earned their living and spent their time. Of course, it is only in the Attic period, and perhaps in the exceptional case of Pindar, that such a result can be even distantly approached, unless history is to degenerate into fiction. But the attempt is helpful where it leads to no definite result. . . . It was not by 'classic repose,' nor yet by 'worship of the human body'; it was not even by the possession of high intellectual and æsthetic gifts, that they rose so irresistibly from mere barbarism to the height of this unique civilisation; it was by infinite labour and unrest, by daring and by suffering, by loyal devotion to the things they felt to be great; above all, by hard and serious thinking."

A series of books similar to the above, and equally important, is that which Prof. George Saintsbury is editing, illustrative of "Periods of European Literature." In chronological order the first volume of the series is *The Dark Ages*, by Prof. W. P. Ker, but Mr. Saintsbury's book on *The Flourishing of Romance and the Rise of Allegory*, which is second in that order, has appeared first. Mr. Saintsbury explains in a general preface the scope and character of the series, which will consist of twelve volumes. In the present one, written by himself, we find chapters on "The Function of Latin," "Chansons de Geste," "The Matter of Britain," "The Making of English and the Settlement of European Prosody," &c.

ACHIEVEMENTS OF CAVALRY. GEN. SIR EVELYN WOOD'S new book, bearing this title, is confessedly written for soldiers, but there is no doubt that many general readers will find interest in its pages. Sir Evelyn's aim is to show what cavalry can do when skilfully handled, and especially to stimulate English cavalry officers, on whom the system of umpiring on field-days has, he believes, pressed rather hardly of late years. Twelve notable examples of cavalry work are expounded in as many chapters, each achievement being awarded a map for greater clearness. The following passage in Sir Evelyn's preface is interesting:

"It will be observed that England, Poland, and Russia each furnished the troops for only one of the feats I have selected, Austria two, and France two, while North Germany is credited with five out of the twelve achievements. This is to be accounted for, so far as our cavalry is concerned, by the fact that though

it had many opportunities of achieving success in the Peninsular War, yet the leading of its commanders, being more indicative of courageous hearts than of well-stored minds, was often barren of results."

OTHER BOOKS. MR. ARTHUR SYMONS thus explains his poetic intentions in his new volume of poems entitled *Amoris Victima*:

"I wish this book to be read as a single poem, not as a collection of miscellaneous pieces. It is an attempt to deal imaginatively with what seems to me a typical phase of modern love, as it might affect the emotions and sensations of a typical modern man, to whom emotions and sensations represent the whole of life. It is a study, under the conditions of many moods, of a particular kind of personality, as it might be acted upon by the travail, exultation, and disaster of the only kind of passion which could be conceived as obtaining persistent dominance over it. Each poem is, I hope, able to stand alone, but no poem has been included without reference to the general scheme of the book, the general psychology of the imaginary hero."

The book is a slim octavo, and contains over thirty poems, mostly short lyrics. The free handling of the institution of Marriage which has obtained in Fiction and in real life during late years accounts for a book like *Marriage Questions in Modern Fiction and Other Essays on Kindred Subjects*. The subjects treated by Mrs. Chapman include "The Decline of Divorce," "Marriage Rejection and Marriage Reform," and "The Indissolubility of Marriage." The last paper won the emphatic support of Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace when it appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine*, seven years ago. *Essays in Liberalism*, by Six Oxford Men, is dedicated to Mr. John Morley. The Six Oxford Men, whose names are appended to these articles, were drawn together by the debates and elections of the Oxford Union Society. In a clear and modest preface they state their aim to be "the statement of a few definite principles applied to various departments of politics." The writers of these essays believe that the Liberal party has of late been too neglectful of principle, too enamoured of programmes and details. Their endeavour has been to re-assert Liberal doctrine in six papers: entitled "The Liberal Tradition," "Liberalism and Wealth," "Liberals and Labour," "Liberalism in Outward Relations," "A Liberal View of Education," and "The Historic Basis of Liberalism." The second and concluding volume of the late Mr. John O'Neill's *The Night of the Gods* has a preface by Mrs. O'Neill, and a brief memoir of the author by Mr. Grattan Geary. The chapter headings of this volume include "The Wheel," "Buddha's Footprint," "Dancing," "The Sphere" "The Number Seven," &c.

NEW FICTION. *Saint Eva*, a novel by Amelia Pain (Mrs. Barry Pain), is the first effort in fiction by this lady. The book has the advantage of a frontispiece by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, suggested, we may presume, by the character of the heroine. *Wilt Thou Have This Woman?* is a new novel by Mr. J. Maclaren Cobban, who has already given

us *The Red Sultan, Master of His Fate*, and other good stories. We observe that the narrative opens in a squire's country house on a golden September day, and ends practically at the Old Bailey. Between these extremes of locality there should be room for much incident, and Mr. Cobban's chapter headings give further promise of it. *Patience Sparhawk and Her Times*, by Gertrude Atherton, is a study of United States womanhood. In an explanatory dedication to M. Paul Bourget, Miss Atherton credits him with having alone, of all foreigners, "detected, in its full significance, that the motive power, the cohering force, the ultimate religion of that strange composite known as 'The American,' is individual will." Miss Atherton's aim is to show that this extraordinary independence of character, with all its dangers and advantages, makes "the quintessential part of the women as of the men of this race." The development of *Patience Sparhawk* fills little less than 500 pages. The cover and title-page are designed in a sort of play on the girl's name (Sparrow-hawk). A posthumous novel by Mrs. Hungerford is sure of a welcome. *Lovice*, published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus, contains about forty chapters, is very full of dialogue, and bears on its title-page the quotation:

"Be to her virtues very kind,
Be to her faults a little blind."

Secrets of the Courts of Europe, by Mr. Allen Upward, is a series of short stories with a strong political flavour; they are issued in book form after running through *Pearson's Magazine*. Lovers of the novel of adventure will probably seize upon *They That Sit in Darkness*, a story of the Australian Never Never. Mr. John Mackie, its author, writes:

"I figured, in a humble way, as a pioneer of civilisation in the wild country it has been my endeavour to describe in these pages. I was the first white man to build a house and settle on the Van Alphen River in the far Northern Territory, and it was there I supported life, for weeks together, on crows, hawks, snakes, and outajong roots."

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGY.

CAMBRIDGE GREEK TESTAMENT FOR SCHOOLS: THE EPISTLE TO THE PHILIPPIANS. By Rev. H. C. G. Moule. Cambridge University Press. 2s. 6d.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

OSCAR RHODES. By "Imperialist." Chapman & Hall.
THE SEPOY REVOLT. By Lieut.-General Macleod Innes, V.C. A. D. Innes & Co. 5s.
A HISTORY OF ANCIENT GREEK LITERATURE. By Gilbert Murray. William Heinemann. 6s.
CENTURY CLASSICS: PAST AND PRESENT. By Thomas Carlyle. Ward, Lock & Bowden.
PERIODS OF EUROPEAN LITERATURE. By George Saintsbury. William Blackwood & Sons.
THE ORDER OF THE COIF. By Alexander Pulling. William Clowes & Sons. Second edition. 10s.

POETRY AND BELLES LETTRES.

AMORIS VICTIMA. By Arthur Symonds. Leonard Smithers. 6s.
THE CROSS BENEATH THE RING, AND OTHER POEMS. By E. F. M. Benecke. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 2s. 6d.
THE PIERROT OF THE MINUTE. By Ernest Dowson. With Frontispiece, &c., by Aubrey Beardsley. Leonard Smithers. 7s. 6d.
THE MONTHS. By Leigh Hunt. William Andrew & Co. 2s.

DRAMA.

THE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. AVON edition. Kegan Paul. 3s. 6d.

MILITARY.

ACHIEVEMENTS OF CAVALRY. By General Sir Evelyn Wood. George Bell & Sons. 7s. 6d.

FICTION.

THE WELL-BELOVED. By Thomas Hardy. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co. 6s.
SWORN ALLIES. By M. E. Le Clerc. Hurst & Blackett. 6s.
SECRETS OF THE COURTS OF EUROPE. By Allen Upward. J. W. Arrowsmith. 6s.
THEY THAT SIT IN DARKNESS. By John Mackie. Hutchinson & Co.
SAINT EVA. By Amelia Pain. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.
SWEET IRISH EYES. By Edith E. Outhell. Skeffington & Son. 3s. 6d.
WILT THOU HAVE THIS WOMAN? By J. MacLaren Cobban. Methuen & Co. 6s.
LOVICE. By Mrs. Hungerford. Chatto & Windus. 6s.
THE QUEEN OF THE MOOR. By Frederic Adye. Macmillan & Co. 6s.
PATIENCE SPARHAWK AND HER TIMES. By Gertrude Atherton. John Lane. 4s. 6d.
A LAST TROUW. By Alice M. Diehl. Digby, Long & Co. 6s.
'MIDST THE WILD CARPATHIANS. By Marius Jókai. Jarrold & Sons. 6s.

ANTIQUARIAN.

ENGLAND IN THE DAYS OF OLD. By William Andrews. William Andrews & Co. 7s. 6d.
YORKSHIRE ARCHEOLOGICAL SOCIETY: RECORD SERIES, VOL. XXI: YORKSHIRE LAY SUBSIDY. Edited by William Brown.

MYTHOLOGY.

THE NIGHT OF THE GODS. By John O'Neill. Vol. II. David Nutt.
THE POPULAR RELIGION AND FOLK-LORE OF NORTHERN INDIA. By W. Crooke, B.A. Second edition. 2 vols. Constable & Co. 21s.
RELIGION OF THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS. By Alfred Wiedemann, Ph.D. H. Grevel & Co. 12s. 6d.

POLITICS.

AMERICAN ORATIONS. Edited by Alexander Johnston and James Albert Woodburn. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 5s.
ESSAYS IN LIBERALISM. By Six Oxford Men. Cassell & Co. 3s. 6d.

TRAVEL.

SOLDIERING AND SURVEYING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA, 1891-1894. By Major J. R. L. Macdonald, R.E. Edward Arnold. 16s.

EDUCATIONAL.

ARNOLD'S SCHOOL SHAKESPEARE: KING RICHARD II. Edited by C. H. Gibson, M.A. CHILDE HAROLD. Edited by Rev. E. C. Everard Owen, M.A. Edward Arnold. 1s. 6d.
EDUCATION OF GIRLS AND WOMEN IN GREAT BRITAIN. By C. S. Bremner. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 4s. 6d.
BLACKIE'S SCIENCE TEXT-BOOKS: AN ELEMENTARY TEXT-BOOK OF HYGIENE. By H. Rowland Wakefield. Blackie & Son. 2s. 6d.
A SECOND FRENCH COURSE. By J. T. Bouzemaeker, B.A. Blackie & Son. 2s. 6d.
SELECTIONS FROM THE "SPECTATOR." With Introduction and Notes, by Rev. Henry Evans, D.D. Blackie & Son. 2s.

SCIENCE.

THE ELEMENTS OF ELECTRO-CHEMISTRY. By Dr. Robert Lüpke. Translated by M. M. Pattison Muir, M.A. H. Grevel & Co. 7s. 6d.

FOREIGN.

LES HOMES NATUREL. Rachilde. Mercure de France.
L'ETAT ET LES EGLISES EN PRUSSE SOUS FRÉDÉRIC-GUILLAUME III. Georges Parisot. Armand Colin & Cie.

MISCELLANEOUS.

QUESTIONS OF THE DAY: MUNICIPAL REFORM IN THE UNITED STATES. By Thomas C. Devlin. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 4s.
MARRIAGE QUESTIONS IN MODERN FICTION. By Elizabeth Rachel Chapman. John Lane.
THE JUBILEE BOOK OF THE EDINBURGH PHILOSOPHICAL INSTITUTION.
HOUSEHOLD ECONOMICS. By Helen Campbell. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 4s.
STEPS TO THE TEMPLE OF HAPPINESS. By Henry Smith. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 5s.
FISH-TAILS AND SOME TRUE ONES. By Bradnock Hall. Edward Arnold. 6s.
THE VALUE OF LIFE. By C. E. Burke. With a Preface by Aubrey de Vere. Catholic Truth Society. 1s.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE Goldsmith Memorial has been successfully carried through by Mr. J. W. Hales. In November last he made the announcement of the intention to insert a window in honour of Oliver Goldsmith in the church of which, at the time of Goldsmith's birth, his father was curate. Since then it was found necessary to make a second appeal, or, rather, to emphasise the first. Now, however, Mr. Hales is able to state that enough money has been subscribed, and a design for the window has been approved. A Goldsmith window is also to be inserted in St. Saviour's, Southwark.

PROF. DRUMMOND left ample materials for a biography, though I believe no writer has been decided on. The general impression seems to be that Dr. James Stalker, who was his lifelong friend, will undertake the work. Prof. Drummond's was a charming personality, and that he had many sturdy champions was shown when his theological views were discussed at the Free Church Presbytery in 1895. During his illness many prominent men had journeyed long distances to visit him. Prof. George Adam Smith was often at his bedside. He retained full intellectual consciousness to the end, and one of his last messages was to Mr. Moody, the evangelist.

THE death of Prof. Drummond calls to mind the warfare that waged between the booksellers on the publication of *The Ascent of Man*. Prof. Drummond had great faith in the net system, and the book was issued at seven-and-sixpence net. Though the majority of booksellers sold it at the net price, there were exceptions. A large firm of London booksellers, for instance, declared that they did not recognise the right of the publishers to dictate terms, and sold the book at seven shillings. A large number of booksellers refused to stock the book at all, and, in the trade, the comparative small sale of 22,000 which *The Ascent of Man* has attained is generally attributed to this fact. This seems to show that, at least with high-priced books likely to have a large sale, the net system does not answer.

MR. JEROME's not very convincing list of authors (which was a little too much like the petition of the nine tailors of Tooley-street) at any rate proved that most literary men whose sympathies are with Prince George more nearly resemble Douglas Jerrold than Lord Byron in the present situation. Jerrold used to tell that he and Laman Blanchard once met in the street and fired each other with the idea of hastening to Greece to assist that luckless nation. "But," added Jerrold, "a smart shower coming on in the midst of our plans washed all the Greece out of us." And just now it is very showery.

THERE are, however, exceptions. Among the four British gentlemen who, fortified by a banquet at the National Liberal Club,

started on Monday last to lend their aid to Greece, was Mr. Allen Upward. As Mr. Upward is a novelist, a humorist, and a poet, Byron may be said in some measure to have set his example not in vain. Mr. Upward, who is a barrister by profession, is known to the readers of *The Idler* by a series of grimly comic descriptions of "The Horrors of London." His books, *Secrets of the Courts of Europe* and *One of God's Dilemmas*, show much promise. Mr. Upward is essentially a man of action, and once was so bold as to stand for Parliament.

ONE wishes that Miss Marie Corelli would acquire the art of silence. I do not mean that one wishes she would cease to write: I mean that one wishes she would cease to "answer back," as schoolboys say. In the current *London Figaro* Miss Corelli "replies to her critics" once again, ostensibly with the purpose of burying the hatchet; although, as it turns out, her idea of the right place of sepulture for this weapon is (like Mr. Whistler's) in her adversary's skull.

IN this particular instance Miss Corelli is mainly incensed by the remark of a reviewer (by the way, she ought not to call all reviewers critics; but that is a characteristic looseness of diction) who accused her of appealing successfully to "the great heart of the vulgar," and her reply is as much a defence of the vulgar—that is, the reading public—as of herself. The vulgar might have been left to take care of their own affairs. At any rate, Miss Corelli hardly clears the reading public of aberrations of taste by remarking that they buy also the works of Mr. Barrie, Mr. Kipling, Mr. Weyman, Mr. Hall Caine, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and Mr. Wilson Barrett, who are "all working in the same field of literature with me." Not all, Miss Corelli. And there are many reading publics.

CONCERNING Mulvaney's death, still unrecorded, a girl living in Arizona has written to Mr. Kipling. She tells him that the return of Mowgli to the "man pack" of civilisation (more or less) was an outrage to her sense of the proprieties, and she implores the author at any rate to arrange for Mulvaney to die "a worthy death on Indian soil and not go back to England"—and respectability. This request is one in which all who know and honour Terence Mulvaney (and who does not?) will join.

MR. KIPLING wrote in reply. He began by saying that he had done all he could for Mowgli in making him a married man and a servant of the Government (see *In the Rukh*), and continued: "But as to Mulvaney, his fate cannot be altered. If you remember the curse of Shielygh laid on him by old Mrs. Sheehy, he was to 'die quick in a strange land seeing his death before it came and unable to stir hand or foot.' Some day I may tell how that came upon him." Mr. Kipling added that he couldn't write stories by sitting down at a table and dipping his pen in the ink-bottle. "Stories 'happen along,' as they say in this part of the world, and, unlike the cattle on your ranch, they cannot be hurried."

MR. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS also has been lately the recipient of letters concerning his best-known puppet, the incomparable Van Bibber. The inquirers wished to know if Van Bibber was imaginary or a presentment of Mr. Davis himself. The reply is that Van Bibber is imaginary. A doctor at Baltimore, however, where Mr. Davis once studied, probably supplied the name. Anyway, it seems that this gentleman is obliged to spend a good deal of time in assuring questioners that he is not the original of Mr. Davis's hero.

THE negro poet, Mr. Paul Lawrence Dunbar, whose *Lyrics of Lowly Life* will soon be published here, is reading in public in this country under the auspices of Miss Pond, the daughter of Major Pond, the American entrepreneur. Miss Pond had some doubts as to how the venture would turn out, for when engaging Mr. Dunbar she asked him if he could swim. He said he could. "Because," she added grimly, "we may have to swim back."

IN the current number of *Education* there is a nice instance of the literal standpoint from which the healthy boy judges poetry. Dr. Joyce, giving evidence before the Manual and Technical Instruction Committee, was arguing that the results system had, to a great extent, relieved scholars of the necessity of taking thought. As a proof of his contention he told the Committee that he was accustomed to ask children the meaning of this verse:

"She is a rich and rare land,
She is a fresh and fair land,
She is a dear and rare land—
This native land of mine."

Few children knew what their native land was; and fewer the significance of the epithets. One boy considered "fair land" to mean good soil, and went on to explain that "She is a dear and rare land" was another way of stating that in his country the rents are too high.

MR. STEPHEN CRANE's *Maggie* was recently the half-subject, Mr. Morrison's *Child of the Jago* being the other moiety, of a careful article by Mr. H. D. Traill, in one of the reviews. It seems, however, that there is more than one way of approaching this work. A little New York girl, aged about ten, recently returned *Maggie* to a circulating library and asked instead for *Nelly's Silver Mine*, which is not, I fancy, quite of the same order. A bystander, amused at the incident, asked the child's opinion of Mr. Crane's book. She replied that she liked it pretty well, but added, "It is rather young for me. It is written for little children." Mr. Traill will like to know of this. It seems to stamp the "new realism."

MR. JOHN S. FARMER has in preparation a series of privately printed choice reprints of scarce books and unique MSS., which will be issued by Messrs. Gibbings & Co. The first of the series, to be issued immediately, will be *Goddard's Satirycall Dialogue*, of which only one copy is known to exist. Goddard

flourished in the early part of the seventeenth century, belonged to the Middle Temple, and was extremely caustic in his satire on women. He published three books, which Dr. Furnivall, in 1878, prepared for republication, but which were never issued. Dr. Furnivall's notes and material have now been placed at the disposal of the present editor.

THE ONLOOKER.

THE annual meeting of the Selden Society will be held in the Council Room, Lincoln's Inn Hall, on Wednesday, March 24, 1897, at 4.30 p.m. Lord Hersehell will preside.

MR. F. C. BURNAND and Mr. Phil May have collaborated in a work which takes the form of a guide to Kent. The book will be more amusing than its title suggests, and will include a number of illustrations by Mr. Phil May of summer life in the prosperous seaside towns of the Garden of England. Mr. May has also almost finished an album of drawings under the title *From Petticoat Lane to Buckingham Palace*.

MR. CHARLES SAYLE has completed the correction of his anthology *In Praise of Music*. It is arranged on the lines adopted by the late Alexander Ireland, in his *Book-lovers' Enchiridion*, and contains extracts both in prose and verse from the writings of the earliest times down to the present day. It will be published by Mr. Elliot Stock almost immediately.

A UNIFORM cheap edition of the Hibbert Lectures is now being issued by Messrs. Williams & Norgate in monthly volumes at three and sixpence each.

MR. KIPLING's new story, "Slaves of the Lamp," will be published in the *Cosmopolis*, beginning in the April number.

MESSRS. OLIPHANT, ANDERSON & FERRIER will publish in a few days a biographical sketch of Lady Blanche Balfour, the sister of Lord Salisbury, and mother of the Hon. Arthur J. Balfour. The booklet, which contains a number of portraits and illustrations, is written by the Rev. James Robertson, D.D., of Whittingehame.

MR. DEVIL'S *Head* is the title of a story by Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy, written for Messrs. Tillotson's syndicate of newspapers, through which it will begin in May.

MR. LEWIS L. KROFF is translating from the Hungarian a romance by his famous fellow-countryman, Jókai, called *The Pasha's Darling*; or, *the Last Days of the Janissaries*. Mr. Redway is to publish the book.

MESSRS. CASSELL & Co. will publish next month *My Life in Christ, or Moments of Spiritual Serenity and Contemplation, of Reverent Feeling, of Earnest Self-Amendment, and of Peace in God*; being extracts from the diary of the Most Reverend John Ilitch Sergieff ("Father John"), of St. Andrew's Cathedral, Cronstadt, Russia.

MESSRS. JARROLD & SONS announce a novel by a new author, entitled *Allanson's Little Woman*, which they will publish within the course of the next few days in their Greenback series of popular novels.

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND.

(From a Correspondent.)

PROF. HENRY DRUMMOND died at Tunbridge Wells on March 11. For more than eighteen months he had been suffering from a general breakdown in health, and the end was not unexpected. He was only forty-six years old.

Henry Drummond came of a well-known Scottish family. His uncle, Mr. Peter Drummond, established the famous Stirling Tract Depository, which still issues yearly an immense amount of literature of the strictly evangelical order, and his father, who was a wealthy seed merchant at Stirling, took a prominent part in the religious life of his county. The late Professor was educated at Crieff, where "Ian Maclaren" was one of his greatest friends, and subsequently spent some years at the University of Tübingen. Throughout his life he always kept in close touch with current German thought and literature. At Edinburgh University he studied geology under Prof. Geikie, and would undoubtedly have obtained the degree of Doctor of Science had he not given up his scientific work to join Mr. Moody. He went through the complete course of theological training, and qualified for the ministry at the Free Church College, and was, I believe, actually ordained. In 1873 the revivalist, Mr. Moody, visited Edinburgh, and the young student came under his influence. For two years Prof. Drummond accompanied Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey through England, Scotland, and Ireland, and everywhere he addressed enormous gatherings; everywhere he made countless friends. Prof. Drummond, with his kindly persuasiveness and his wonderfully attractive personality stood out in strange contrast to the evangelist, whose rough-and-ready eloquence suited his message. It was characteristic of Prof. Drummond that although in subsequent years he considerably changed his point of view, he always remained a firm friend of both Sir Archibald Geikie and Mr. Moody. The latter especially stood by him, in face of the most bitter attacks, though he has been heard to say that the "apes were almost too many for me." In 1876 Mr. Moody returned to America, and Prof. Drummond was appointed, largely owing, I believe, to the suggestion of Prof. Geikie, Professor of Natural Science at Glasgow Free Church College—a post he held until his death. About this time, in addition to his ordinary lectures to the students, he delivered a number of addresses on social and religious subjects to working-men at the Possilpark Mission, of which he had charge, and out of this double work—the co-mingling of science and theology—grew the idea of the series of papers which was to make Prof. Drummond one of the most popular authors of his generation. The various addresses that are contained in *Natural Law in the Spiritual World* appeared in the *Clerical World*, a weekly twopenny paper edited by the Rev. Joseph Exell, which enjoyed but a short and chequered existence. The papers attracted some attention, and in a collected form they were refused by at least two

leading London publishers. Prof. Drummond, in describing the various vicissitudes through which his MS. passed, says: "To be served a second time with the black seal of literature was too much for me, and the doomed sheets were returned to their pigeon-holes and once more forgotten." Mr. M. H. Hodder, however, had read the articles in serial form, and, happening to meet the author one day in Paternoster-row—he had already come across him at Mr. Moody's meetings—he suggested that his firm should publish the book. The offer was accepted. Prof. Drummond re-wrote many of the chapters, and had just time to correct the proofs before he started on an expedition to East Central Africa, for the purpose of reporting on the natural resources of Nyassaland and the surrounding countries.

The reception of *Natural Law in the Spiritual World* is one of the most curious bits of literary history of this century. Prof. Drummond had certainly no idea of the success which was to attend his book; and I believe that it was only after considerable hesitation that he refused an offer of £40 from the editor of the *Clerical World* for the complete copyright of the articles. I have before me the figures of the first few editions. In April, 1883, 1,000 copies were printed and the book was issued at 7s. 6d. At first it failed to attract much attention, and a second edition of 1,000 copies was not called for until the middle of July. On August 4 a review appeared in the *Spectator* which unquestionably was the making of the book, and the sale went up by leaps and bounds. At the beginning of September another 1,000 copies were printed, in October 2,000, in November 2,000, and so on. In March, 1887, a cheaper edition was issued, at 3s. 6d., after 51,000 of the 7s. 6d. edition had been sold. The current edition bears on the title-page the words: "Thirty-second Edition, completing 119,000"! In view of the attacks which were subsequently made on the book by the strictly evangelical school of theologians—at least fifteen volumes, not to mention innumerable articles in various magazines, were at different times written as counterblasts to *Natural Law*—it is interesting to note that at first it was received with delight as the greatest answer to the prevailing materialism that had appeared. Several prominent Evangelicals went so far as to start a fund for the free distribution of *Natural Law*, and it was only after some years had passed that they discovered that the idea underlying the book was totally heterodox.

Prof. Drummond returned from Africa to find himself famous. Offers of work poured in upon him from every part of the kingdom; but he consistently refused to write to order, and his literary output is comparatively small. For many years he waged perpetual war with the reporters, and there must be an immense collection of addresses and lectures which have never been given to the world in any permanent form. Prof. Drummond was of an excessively modest and retiring disposition; he was an enthusiastic angler, and during the long vacations, when he was not travelling in Africa, Australia, the South Sea Islands, Java, the Malay

Peninsula and Japan, or lecturing for Mr. Moody to the students at Northfield, he was to be found in one of the small villages in the north of Scotland. I have met several who thus came into contact with him, and he has been described as one of the most delightful companions, a man "who never talked shop."

The Greatest Thing in the World was issued in book form at Christmas, 1889, when it was published in white paper covers with gold lettering at a shilling. The idea of such a "Christmas card" was new, the get-up of the book was attractive, the title caught the public fancy and the sale was perfectly unprecedented. In six months 185,000 copies were sold. The style was subsequently extensively copied, but the booklets still sell well. The figures at this time are: *The Greatest Thing in the World*, 330,000; *Pax Vobiscum*, 130,000 (whereas the first edition of *The Greatest Thing* consisted of only 20,000 copies, the first issue of *Pax Vobiscum* was 100,000); *The Changed Life*, 89,000; *The Programme of Christianity*, 80,000; and *The City Without a Church*, 60,000. Thirty-four thousand copies have been sold of *Tropical Africa*, Prof. Drummond's account of his various journeyings, and 30,000 copies of *Baxter's Second Innings*, a booklet for boys published in connexion with the Boys' Brigade, an institution in which the author took the deepest interest, and which he continually advocated in the Press, especially in an article in *Good Words*.

In the spring of 1893 Prof. Drummond delivered the "Lowell" Lectures in Boston. He had long contemplated a sequel to *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, a book that should appeal more especially to scientific men. He had, I believe, completed the lectures at least a year before he delivered them. The tremendous reception he received in America, where his books had sold by the hundreds of thousands, disconcerted him somewhat, and at the last moment he decided to re-write several of his lectures in a style more suitable for such popular audiences. The excitement in Boston was intense. A ring of speculators was formed to buy up a large number of the tickets, and these were sold at fabulous prices.

The Ascent of Man was the most criticised book of the year. It does not fall within the scope of this article to discuss Prof. Drummond's position either as a theologian or a scientific man; but it is, I think, admitted by all that the *Ascent of Man* was not final, and a definite statement of Prof. Drummond's position was eagerly awaited. I do not think, however, that he has left behind any exhaustive work of this character.

Prof. Drummond will be remembered not so much as the man who tried to reconcile science and theology, but as the greatest leader of young men the century has seen. He was a young man himself, keenly interested in all the movements of the day; and in his booklets he preached the gospel of a wider, larger, more joyful humanity, a gospel which will always appeal to young men. His books have been translated into nearly every European language, and his influence for good has been world-wide.

ACADEMY PORTRAITS.

XIX.—WILKIE COLLINS.

WILKIE COLLINS was at his greatest in construction. Many novelists have written better than he, but none has excelled him as the builder of a plot. Planning was with him a much more arduous task than writing; for, once schemed out, the story went briskly forward and gripped like a vice. Wilkie Collins did not pause on the road to be sententious or humorous or satirical, although it was in his power to be all three; nor did he expend labour on the examination of motives and temperamental subtleties. His business was to tell a story so that it would hold the reader to the exclusion of all else. And he did it. If on the way, without causing delay or relaxation of grasp, a character might be elaborated, well and good. Thus in *The Moonstone* we have the old servitor's babble concerning *Robinson Crusoe*, which, though not exactly indispensable to the narrative, is, at any rate, no blemish; and here we suspect it might be maintained that the old man's garrulity is another proof of Wilkie Collins's art: he gives him just enough discursiveness to excite the reader to increased curiosity.

Yet although his genius did not incline him to minute psychological studies, Wilkie Collins was still as concerned as any writer could be for the accuracy of his character drawing. No artist at any time has taken his work more seriously. A bundle of letters addressed by Collins to a London editor, which now lies before us, abundantly illustrates this point. From the careful corrections in his proofs, and his alarm lest any alteration should be made by another hand, we learn how thoroughly considered was every line of his stories and how significant every syllable. The following passage (which has not hitherto seen the light), on a subject near the heart of all editors who cater for the family, is particularly interesting:

"The other alteration [wrote Collins] I cannot consent to make. The 'damns' (two 'damns' only, observe, in the whole story) mark the characters at very important places in the narrative. The 'compromise' which you suggest is simply what they would not say. I know of no instances of a writer with any respect for his art or for himself who has ever made the concession which your friends ask of me. My story is not addressed to young people exclusively—it is addressed to readers in general. I do not accept young people as the ultimate court of appeal in English literature. Mr. Turlington [the character in the story in question] must talk like Mr. Turlington—even though the terrible consequence may be that a boy or two may cry 'Damn' in imitation of him. I refer your friends to Scott and Dickens—writers considered immaculate in the matter of propriety. They will find damn where damn ought to be in the pages of both those masters. In short, I am damned if I take out damn!"

In another of these letters Collins, after cursing the forgetfulness which has led him into an error, says:

"But the devil (I believe in the devil) lies in wait for one in these matters—and while he lets you see the large errors, he blinds you to the little ones. I enclose the corrected proof, and register my letter—in case the devil tries his

hand at some more mischief between France [where the letter was written] and England."

Wilkie Collins's most accomplished follower was the late Hugh Conway, whose *Called Back* and *Dark Days* were worthy of the older hand. Mr. B. L. Farjeon, in *Great Porter Square*, gave promise of continuing the tradition, but he soon abandoned it. Mr. Conan Doyle, our present-day mystery weaver, is at once more robust and more episodic. The time seems to have gone by for such sustained thrills, such debauches of suspense, as Wilkie Collins gave his admirers. It will be long before his books cease to be read. *The Woman in White*, *The Moonstone*, and *The Dead Secret*, lengthy though they be, will enthrall many generations yet.

Our portrait shows the novelist in middle age. In later life he wore a beard. Wilkie Collins died in 1889 at the age of sixty-five.

THE BOOK MARKET.

SOME WEST CENTRAL WINDOWS.

LAST week our literary peripatetics brought us from Liverpool-street as far as Mr. Dunn's large shop at the head of Cheapside. This week a saunter through Holborn and the Strand seemed to promise entertainment. What better starting-point than Messrs. Bumpus's at Holborn Bars? There you enter the City; there you leave it; and a broad pavement and a gracious bend in the line of the street give emphasis and space to one of the best-known book strongholds in London. From the Furnival's Inn side of the street, or even from a passing 'bus, Messrs. Bumpus's window looks ever the same; but at close quarters it becomes a chronicle of literary events and a not illiberal education. Here you may gather information that will enable you to dine out with credit for a fortnight; and then you may come again. It is not superfluous to know that the twenty-five volumes of the latest edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* is now to be bought for twenty-four pounds, less than a sovereign a volume. Chambers' *Encyclopædia* is here also, but being both of later date and much less costly it commands its full price. It is well to be reminded, too, that only three guineas stand between you and the illustrated edition of Green's *History of the English People*, which you have so long vowed, and so long neglected, to place on your shelves. But these belong to the old brigade. Their position is assured, their ticketing is modest; you need not hurry. With certain great books of the hour it is far otherwise. It would be strange indeed if Mr. Richard R. Holmes's *Queen Victoria* would brook your calm. This is the book of the year—in a sense, the book of the century. It is produced under the gracious supervision of Her Majesty in the proudest year of her reign; and the price, like the Jubilee fever, is going up, up. The edition on Japanese paper, published at £10, is worth £25 at the moment of writing. But to obtain it even at that price is barely possible. The

ordinary edition, published at £2 8s., is ticketed £3, and will rise in price—all the more certainly because considerable doubt exists as to the number of copies which Messrs. Boussod, Valadon & Co. will be willing to strike off. They have a splendid reputation to keep up in this matter, and the moment imperfection in the plates sets in printing will stop. Mr. Bumpus will try to get you a copy; but his despair grows more beautiful every day. Let us follow the sunset to Messrs. Cornish Brothers' shop, nearly opposite the Avenue Hotel. Messrs. Cornish, like other booksellers, will receive your subscription for the new and limited edition of the novels of Charles Lever, which Messrs. Downey & Co. will issue during the next two years, month by month, in half-guinea volumes. *Harry Lorrequer* leads the procession. At the first blush there may seem little chance in these days for so old-fashioned a humorist as Lever to exercise his old spell. But it must be remembered that no other uniform edition of Lever's works is now in the market, and that this edition will surpass all others, excepting, of course, the rare first editions in paper covers. The novelist's daughter, Mrs. Neville, is editing the series, which will be embellished by all the original plates etched by "Phiz" and George Cruikshank, over six hundred in number. These are to be supplemented in several of the later volumes by wood engravings by Mr. Luke Fildes, R.A., Mr. M. E. Edwards, Mr. Gordon Browne, and other artists. The printing of this edition has been entrusted to Messrs. T. & A. Constable, of Edinburgh, who have had a new bold, clear type cast for the work. The size of the page is octavo, and the volumes will be printed on laid paper specially made for this edition. Each volume will contain on an average 500 to 600 pages, and will be light to handle. The edition will be strictly limited to 1,000 copies for sale in Great Britain and America, and the type will be distributed after printing. Here again, therefore, delay is dangerous. It should be remembered that the Edinburgh edition of Robert Louis Stevenson's works, published at the same price and in the same quantity, has nearly doubled in value and is still keenly sought after. Not that Lever makes the same claim on this generation, but a "boom" in Lever is not the most improbable of all literary events. Messrs. Cornish have the novels of the hour well to the front, Mr. Crockett's *A Lad's Love* enjoying the most prominence, while Mr. H. G. Wells's *The Wheels of Chance* still "keeps its state in Rome," along with such later arrivals as *Ziska*, *The Well-Beloved*, *Peter Halket*, and *Guavas the Tinner*. Mr. Le Gallienne's *Quest of the Golden Girl* is not seen in the window, but Messrs. Cornish display the effective poster which Mr. John Lane has issued for its advertisement. This may be described as an arrangement in grey, black, and gold, disclosing a nun-like maiden. *The Quest* is in favour among booksellers, and is already in its third edition. Continuing yet a little westward we come to Mr. William Glaisher's shop, close to the Inns of Court Hotel. Mr. Glaisher is one of the largest "remainder" booksellers in London, and his shop is a

happy hunting-ground to the more knowing among book-buyers. It is astonishing what good books become remainders. We recently found Mr. Glaisher selling Dr. Richard Garnett's *Twilight of the Gods* at a third of its original cost: it is a book of mature wit that has somehow missed public favour. Here many a fine art book of yesterday may be picked up at a large reduction. The costly edition of the *Tavern of the Three Virtues*, with Vierge's illustrations, is now offered at a little more than a fifth of its first price.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MACLEOD OF ASSYNT AND "PICKLE THE SPY."

Berners, Stornoway, N.B.

Mr. Dunning MacLeod is a strange investigator, if he thinks there was not a vestige of truth in a story which is plainly shown in the course of his letter to have been hardly exaggerated even by presumably prejudiced historians. He admits that Neil MacLeod captured Montrose, and surrendered him to an accredited officer. What further baseness could constitute treachery? Shall we allow that open hostility is to escape censure, while hostility combined with strategy, in a single individual, is to brand descendants of the strategist and other members of the clan with everlasting infamy? Most people will surely see that there is but little practical difference between Mr. Dunning MacLeod's own admission and the version of the story that gave umbrage to his righteous spirit. Further, the hatred of the Edinburgh W.S. to the Clan MacLeod—a matter of not the slightest interest to a MacLeod, one would think—has in Mr. MacLeod's own admission fully as much reason as ever to overtake the important clan to which your correspondent belongs. Only let us charitably suggest that its force should be spent on the Assynt branch of the MacLeods, it being well known that all bearing a Highland surname are not necessarily, if even usually, of the ilk so called. Besides, the Edinburgh W.S. in question, your own reviewer, and other detractors of honest "Pickle the Patriot," as he might possibly be called, should rather see to it that they begin in earnest to hate themselves and other undoubted descendants of those anti-Jacobites who gave the *coup de grâce* to all Jacobite aspirations. And if the present generation is to hang its head for shame for the baseness of a former generation, they are very important persons indeed who should first show signs of contrition for the bloodthirstiness that set the price of £30,000 upon the devoted head of the young Chevalier. Hey, presto! rubicund countenances on this score should be more numerous down your way, across the Border, than here in Bonnie Scotland, where "nane wad betray."

But it is a much more agreeable thing to reprobate others than ourselves. And as to poor "Pickle," I feel sure that his employers were as blameworthy as the scapegoat of their treachery. In truth, however, did Pickle do the least real harm to the Stuart cause, or the least real good to the Guelph? Did he not rather earn an honest penny by duping the English Government—a matter for approbation, all good Jacobites would allow—with information which could not hurt the already hopeless Stuart cause? Further, if that was not so, I fancy there is, alternatively, very good material indeed available in Mr. Lang's book and elsewhere for a readable article headed "Pickle the Patriot." Surely there is in our midst some anti-Jacobite and sound Hanoverian who will exculpate MacLeod of Assynt, and rehabilitate MacDonell the Spy.

I am a bit of a Jacobite myself, but how could I wish that Montrose or Charles had won? Must not every man of sense admit that, to say the least, it might have fared badly with our country had either won, and that our real sentiments at the present day respecting sovereign government are scarcely consistent with contempt for men who only did what we should have applauded them for doing had we been parties in those stirring scenes. Really, common sense should have restrained the exuberant contempt of scribes descended from those who ruined Montrose and Charles.

The true apology for MacLeod of Assynt should be a plea for justification, and for Gengary of disinterestedness and anti-Jacobitism. Nobody of repute will think the less of Mr. Dunning MacLeod for his connexion with the former, while Mr. Lang and his publishers are the real gainers by the transactions of the Spy. Of the latter we dare say, *Requiescat in pace!*

HECTOR MACAULAY.

THE DISCOUNT SYSTEM.

London: March 15.

Mr. Redway's interesting letter in your last issue, anent the discount system, is very opportune, and pretty nearly covers the whole field of discussion on this important question. The remarks at the end of his letter, that books published at net prices must be books that book-buyers want, hits the right nail on the head.

The question, however, remains, Who is to discriminate between the good, bad, and indifferent books?

The public is capricious, and sometimes when a book is adversely reviewed, and even condemned, it often sells well.

Does Mr. Redway know the books that book-buyers want? If he does, how gladly would some of us beg for a little of that omniscience with which he is so abundantly blessed.

Alas! I am afraid it is now, and always will be, a case of *Chacun à son goût*.

That no language is too strong to denounce the absurdity of publishing a book at twice its proper value for the purpose of taking it off again is apparent to the youngest recruit in the publishing trade, and however devoutly we may wish to discontinue this practice, we have still to remember that existing customs are not so easily changed, and that English people are naturally conservative.

What we want is combination.

If the publishers will combine to bring out their books at net prices the difficulty will vanish, there being no alternative for the book-buyer. But unity is strength. There must be combination.

R. A. EVERETT.

COWLEY'S "HYMN TO LIGHT."

Clun Vicarage, Salop: March 11.

In the *ACADEMY* of February 27, p. 255, the reviewer of Mr. Churton Collins's *Treasury of Minor British Poetry* writes: "So far as we know, Cowley's 'Hymn to Light' has been given in no anthology before." Archbishop Trench, in his *Household Book of English Poetry*, gives eighteen stanzas of it (cviii., p. 119), including the exquisite lines—

"The violet, Spring's little infant, stands
Girt with thy purple swaddling-bands,"

and in the Notes, p. 403, defends the omission "of nine out of the twenty-six stanzas of which this fine hymn is composed, believing that it has gained much by the omission." He also prints the puzzling line—

"Of colours' mingled light, a thick and standing lake,"

as if "colours" must be treated as a genitive plural, though he expresses himself as little satisfied with the result.

C. WARNER.

A R T.

IT is not a little strange to find a Water-colour Society with a diploma and distinctions, with a known name, with a council, a page of members, and every circumstance of state, offering to London such an exhibition as the present one at the Royal Institute, Piccadilly. These large rooms are filled, to speak with no more than a just and convenient generality, by drawings that might be the discouraging work of the pupils of an undistinguished water-colour painter of thirty years ago. It is through no weak prepossession in favour of new fashions that this date is mentioned as a reproach. The undistinguished work of thirty or more years ago had a commonness, a provincialism, and a dulness of its own day; anyone can verify this—Art is immortal, and the water-colours of the actual time are still to be seen. And while in Bond-street, close by, in the Royal Academy itself, in Pall Mall, even in Suffolk-street, times have moved, and artists have moved somewhat with them, there has been set up, it seems, a very temple of old-fashioned English water-colour in Piccadilly, and the period of the old fashion has been chosen, as it were, for its impotence. Not, of course, that there was any real deliberation in the matter. It has been nothing, evidently, but the helpless continuance of a mere habit. And that continuance might have been expected, considering our insular traditions, within the shades of the private schools of ladies. What is nothing less than astonishing is to see the results exhibited in a foremost gallery in London. The catalogue, by the way—we must be allowed to mention it—is solidly bound, has a string and a pencil attached, and is illustrated. The effect of laborious and faint-hearted pupilage, let us add emphatically, is as manifest in the work signed by names that are followed by the initials R.I. as in the work of the other contributors. Everywhere, if there is a figure-subject, it is inept, at a standstill, weak as water, perfectly undramatic. You can imagine a very young girl stippling away at the costumes in her natural feebleness. These groups, nevertheless, are seldom the work of girls. If there is a landscape, you have the lifeless, unskilful, untaught, unready execution, the lightless skies, the heaviness, the slowness, the lack of unity, the poor patchwork, the added finish, the small manner, the hesitation and perseverance at once—all the characteristics that go together to make a familiar whole. Above all, let it not be supposed that the artists of the Institute have intended anything so definite or so legitimate as a return to the methods of water-colour practised by the really early English masters of that art. They have gone no further back than the time when the art was at its worst. With this kind of matter the several rooms are almost filled. Among the few names that one finds signing work of alien aspect in such a spiritless company are those of Mr. Yeend King, Mr. Moffat Lindner, Mr. Alsop, Mr. Tuke, Mr. Alfred Parsons, Mr. Haité, Mr. Edwin

Bale, Mr. Minns, Mr. Cotman, Mr. Mackintosh, and Mr. Austen Brown.

A COLLECTION of the paintings and drawings of James Maris at the Goupil Gallery in Waterloo-place shows this admirable artist generally at his best. His river scenes, his quays and harbours, are painted with an emphasis all his own, foreground-shadow and distant light being the more usual comparison. Sometimes he looks towards the light, and gets the shadow side of things without the use of shadows from the sky; but oftener the light is behind him, it shines upon his distances, and picks out the pearls of bright city buildings, while strong cloud-shadows darken the reds and blues of barges in the nearer planes. There is so much vigour and interest that you are willing to ignore a certain suggestion of able manufacture. M. Maris's skies are much alike, but they are full of colour, movement, buoyancy, and life. They are fine skies, little less than masterly, and yet a little less. They have no magic or spirituality, even when, as in "The Three Windmills," he looses fugitive wild sunshine from the vapour of a storm. It is finely and aptly but not greatly done. The largest sky is in "Seaweed Harvest," and there the clouds fly high with a fulness of cloud structure, but neither here is the art above a certain mark which a supreme master *always* over-passes. For freshness—and, in spite of the brilliance of the execution, freshness is not the prevailing quality—"Stormy Weather" is conspicuous; and for harmony, "The Outer Oratory." This last, with a few like it, is in a different manner, with less of the fresh-air liveliness of the rest. M. James Maris's water-colours have hardly the light of the oil-paintings, in which the brightness of horizon or sky-line leaves the happiest memory.

For Miss Anna Nordgren's oil-paintings, water-colours, and pastels, at the Clifford Galleries, 21, Haymarket, there should be a cordial welcome. Visits such as hers should suffice to make the Institute impossible. She is at her best in the vibration of sun and atmosphere, as in "The Daughter of the House," an orchard scene of the utmost vitality and delicacy; but her work is finely complete and free in the "Interior from Brittany," where the things are just touched, but full of form and colour. Great brightness goes with a chilly colour in "Concarneau Church," but the chilliness is not that of a really bad colourist. The drawing of the boy's face is questionable in "Children," but the spring and action of the younger child are quite admirable. There is too much experiment, perhaps, in the painting of a face in shadowless daylight ("Britta and Baby"), and the effect is not quite happy. But it cannot be said that Miss Nordgren is weaker in heads than in landscape; see the excellent profile in "Music in a Cottage" and the secure drawing of "A Mother," though here the child has hardly sufficient weight—the commonest fault! But in the living landscape she is, perhaps, at her best—an educated painter with a spirit of her own.

A. M.

DRAMA.

"SAUCY SALLY," produced on the tenth of this month at the Comedy, is a rather poor play very well played. Mr. Burnand has got out of "La Flamboyante" a few situations that are in themselves decidedly, though rather mechanically, diverting, but to arrive at them, the conventions of farce—especially that of almost impossible coincidence—are stretched as far as I have ever seen them stretched in my life. The characterisation is conventional, which is more or less a necessity in farce, and it is not without of vastly amusing types. One part of it, however, impels me to a little disquisition. There is a lady in it called Cecile, who ought to be a *cocotte*. But the English being what they are, she is described (with a grin, you understand) as a lady "who gives music-lessons to a school in St. John's Wood." She plays the part of a *cocotte*, except that her "lovers" are suitors, and the audience understands her to be one; but it is supposed to be necessary for its feelings to invest her with this silly ambiguity. Now, the hypocrisy which demands such a thing is both foolish and vile; however, that is not Mr. Burnand's fault, and I do not blame him for paying homage to it, pending the disappearance of that stupid indelicacy of taste in England, which refuses to hear plainly of certain phases of life, and yet enjoys sly allusions to them. But this fiction of Cecile being a music-mistress is utilised in the plot for bringing the peccant husband's wife and mother-in-law into her apartments—the music-mistress had rooms in Jermyn-street—on the pretence that the wife was a former pupil. That makes the plot altogether absurd, which is a pity. A little directness in such matters would improve our farces; if contemporary English audiences are too holy to stand a simple *cocotte* they should do without her altogether. Let us be "moral," if we may not be "happy and free." The only character—to leave generalisations—in the play which had any dash of originality was that of a grateful sailor who insisted on giving presents to the supposed and embarrassed preserver of his life. The dialogue was not witty, but neither was it vapid. And Mr. Burnand must be given credit for fitting his cast very admirably. So much for the play.

It was extremely well played. Mr. Hawtreys was in his very best vein. He had to lie, which was lucky, and he was given fair scope for those little delicacies of touch and intonation which are his strength. I have never seen him play better. But, after all, I have seen him play as well, and taking him for granted to some extent, I was really more interested in watching Mrs. Charles Calvert, whose mother-in-law was a revelation in comedy to me. They are generally tiresome parts, and this one was not distinguished in the writing of it above its fellows; yet out of it Mrs. Calvert got as good a piece of pure comedy as I have ever seen. Expression of face, voice, and gesture were all severely admirable. In particular there was a moment when she

and others were supposed to be leaving a hotel in a hurry on a false alarm; the others were bustling about with luggage while she stood still with her back to the audience; yet in that moment she absolutely possessed the stage, the very picture of matronly worry and trepidation. Mr. Hawtreys is extremely fortunate to have her in his cast. He is fortunate, too, in Miss Jessie Bateman, a comic actress of very considerable promise. I praised her some months ago for her acting in "Woman's World," a play which ran for an afternoon at the Court. Her part in "Saucy Sally" was an easier one, but it was also less effective—the stock young wife of farce—and it is much to her credit that she made it as noticeable as it was. She made every point with delightful *aplomb* and self-possession, and with a catching sense of fun. Mr. Hendrie played the eccentric sailor with much finish and consistency. Miss Abbott was clever and animated in the difficult part of Cecile: it was not her fault if it was inconsistent with itself. To finish, a far worse play would be worth seeing with such acting as there is at the Comedy.

"SAUCY SALLY" was preceded by "Byeways," a one-act piece by Mr. G. S. Payne. The costumes were those of the "School for Scandal," and there was a fitful attempt to make the dialogue correspond thereunto. A young profligate had seduced a girl, and when he promised to marry her he was accepted by her parents (and apparently by the audience) as a paragon of sympathetic generosity. Will any casuist tell me if the moral was all that it should have been? I do not pretend to be a judge of such things; but I tremble to think of my fate at the hands of certain critics if I had put such a sentiment into a story. It was a rather pretty little play, moderately well acted.

I HAVE no objection to Nelson or any other historical person being put onto the stage, but he is being done to death a little too much at present. The cock-pit scene is all very well, but two editions of it in so short a time fatigue. Of the two, I thought Mr. Abingdon died better than Mr. Forbes Robertson: he may not have been more like Nelson, but he was more like a dying man. "The Mariners of England," by Mr. Robert Buchanan and "Charles Marlowe," is a better play than "Nelson's Enchantress," in the sense that in construction it is more like a play. In dialogue and in characterisation it is infinitely worse, which is saying a good deal. I mean that it is very silly and impossible, but that, of course, does not mean that it is not ever adapted by its authors to the tastes they designed to gratify. It is full of foolishly expressed patriotism and false sentiment and claptrap generally, and its plot is a farrago of nonsense. I hesitate to criticise its naval details, since I notice that Admiral Field has said they are realistic. I may say they are surprising. Mr. Charles Glenney was very manly and robust and affecting. Mr. Abingdon was distinctly good; he carried through a scene in which he had to dismiss a bad officer with dignity and verisimilitude.

Mr. Sleath, as the villain in question, was over-subdued for melodrama. He quite suggested a villain in real life. By the way, his repentance in the last act and his hand-shaking with the hero annoyed me very much; but that was Mr. Buchanan's fault or the fault of Charles Marlowe. There is some good "spectacular effect" in the piece, which is being played at the Olympic.

G. S. S.

SCIENCE.

IS the problem of colour-photography about to be solved? That is a question which a good many people are asking just now, and it may be as well to state exactly how far it can be answered. I have seen every process calling itself "colour-photography" which has yet appeared, and at the present moment there are no fewer than five such processes calling for recognition. I exclude, of course, anything in the nature of hand-tinted or artificially prepared photographs, such as the Zurich "photochromes," which are in every shop window abroad, and the gentle atrocities obtained by what is known as "crystoleum" painting, a form of boudoir art.

Of the photographic processes—more or less pure and none of them simple—two depend on the use of coloured glass screens to get the effects: one owes its colours to "interference," and the remaining two are secrets. The Ives method of colour-photography consists in taking three negatives of the object simultaneously on different parts of a plate, through red, green, and blue-violet screens respectively (the actual tints are subject to variation), corresponding to the supposed three primary colour sensations of the eye. These negatives are individually colourless, and so are the positives taken from them; but they differ materially in detail, so that if the three transparent positives are recombined through three tinted screens to form a single image once more, the original colours are reproduced with remarkable faithfulness. The explanation of the process is that the red screen weeds out all rays but those which are red or akin to red—in other words, allows only those parts of the object to be photographed which are radiating red light, and appear to us red; the green screen similarly admits only green rays or those akin to green; the blue screen only those which are blue or akin to blue. Yellow rays would pass in by the red and the green screens—not the blue; other compound colour rays would be separated up and allowed to pass in the same way through the proper screens corresponding to the colour nerves by which we are able to perceive them. Mr. Ives has been at work a great many years on his invention, the "chromoscope," an ingenious arrangement of mirror surfaces for splitting up and afterwards recombining his three images, and has recently succeeded in giving a stereoscopic appearance to his results.

EQUALLY beautiful and less complicated are the colour-photographs of Dr. Joly, shown not long since at the Royal Society. In this case a screen is also used both in photographing and reproducing the originals, but the primary sensations are represented by alternate lines of orange, green, and blue, engraved with extreme fineness on a sheet of glass resembling a diffraction grating, and the rays on reaching the screen are weeded out selectively by the lines of colour. The three complementary negatives of Ives are thus obtained in a blended form, distributed minutely over the image, and the positive, when viewed once more through the ruled screen placed to register, reproduces the colours brilliantly without greater offence to the eye than is the case with a fine-screen process block.

M. LIPPMANN, of Paris, has invented a method of reproducing colours directly which not only discards the use of tinted glass screens, but is also incomparably more delicate and ingenious than either of the foregoing. It depends upon the optical phenomenon known as interference, the action to which we owe the colours of thin transparent films, such as soap-bubbles. M. Lippmann takes a specially prepared sensitive plate, of which the gelatinous medium is exceedingly fine-grained and homogeneous, and backs it with a layer of mercury to give a mirror-surface. When rays of various colour-values strike this plate they are reflected back off the mirror, and, meeting the on-coming vibrations, set up what are called stationary waves within the thickness of the sensitive film. In this way the inventor has succeeded in giving the film a striated structure, in which the distance apart of the striæ varies according to the length of the waves. In viewing the photographs when white light is thrown at a certain angle upon such a film, it is reflected back as coloured light, in which the colour at every point corresponds to the colour of the original object. The worst of this beautiful discovery is that the photographs must be seen obliquely in order to perceive the colours.

THE remaining two methods which I shall mention are affairs of the moment, and one of them at least has practically never been seen in public until the other evening, when it was exhibited at a photographic club. These are the processes of M. Villedieu Chassagne (a recent protégé of Sir Henry Trueman Wood) and Mr. W. Bennetto, who among the solitudes of Cornwall appears to have hit on some extraordinary discovery. We have heard a good deal, at the Society of Arts and elsewhere, of M. Chassagne's coloured photographs. As results they are poor and unconvincing, like nothing so much as lightly tinted silver-prints. Their interest lies in the remarkable manner in which they are produced. According to the published accounts, M. Chassagne has discovered a colourless solution, with which he washes the plate he is about to expose. The resulting negative looks like all other negatives. He washes over the film to be printed in the same way, and the effect of this double washing is that when the print is dipped suc-

cessively into three coloured liquids—red, green, and blue—the colours attach themselves automatically to the right parts of the picture, blending to give the effects of mixed colours. Sir Henry Trueman Wood and Captain Abney say that they have seen the process carried out, so that at present one is not in a position to criticise the accuracy of the inventor's claims. But one thing is certain, should the process turn out to be genuine, the selective property transmitted to the film by the mysterious secret solution should open a way to some very interesting and novel researches in the domain of optical physics. Of Mr. Bennetto's process it is not possible even to say so much, for no details concerning it have been published. It appears, however, that Mr. Bennetto claims to have really discovered a film which will photograph natural colours—in other words, that his colours are produced directly by the action of light on chemical substances. If this be true, it is the final solution of the problem, and to judge by some of the tests which have been imposed, it must either be true or else the process is a fraud. Mr. Bennetto's photographs are singularly good as results, far more so than M. Chassagne's. It is a pity that the exigencies of commercial protection require that they should be kept a secret. Until the mystery is cleared away, and the process fully explained, one cannot do otherwise than accept them with a certain amount of reserve.

H. C. M.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

"Trooper Peter
Halket of
Mashonaland,"
By Olive
Schreiner.
(Fisher Unwin.)

By the mistake of "inflating the most intense and profound of her convictions with an unreal and histrionic rhetoric," Olive Schreiner has "just missed writing a tale which might have produced something like the effect of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*." So the *Spectator*, instancing the "streams of flowery and pretentious eloquence" with which the Son of Man unfolds His commission to the trooper. The *African Critic* thinks the purpose of the book as "an anti-Rhodes manifesto" will be frustrated by its "evident desire to prejudice." To the *Pall Mall* this "passionate political pamphlet" is a blow "beneath the belt," and it "could wish it had been written by any one save the author of *The Story of an African Farm*." So also the *Standard* declares it to be "not fair fighting." The *Weekly Sun* is carried by "the earnest force, the pathetic note, the poignant art" out of "the lower levels of political bias." Mr. Courtney, in the *Daily Telegraph*, writes: "A novelist who . . . cuts the Gordian knot by assuming her views to be identical with those of the most sacred personage in history is guilty of . . . bad taste certainly, and, it may be, a serious lack of common sense. . . . Most people will read the book and be sorry it was ever written. . . . An effective indictment without doubt, full of literary force and charm. But what are we to say of a writer who attempts in this fashion to settle controverted issues?" As to its literary merits, the *Speaker* observes that there can be no question. "There are passages which

one reads with a sudden thrill of wonder and surprise." To the audacious introduction of our Lord into the narrative the reader is reconciled by the "skill and delicacy" of the treatment. While blaming the author for the form into which she has thrown her indictment, the *Speaker* believes that "she has spoken little that is not true, and has written no word in which she herself does not believe profoundly."

"It has to be acknowledged," writes the *Saturday* reviewer, "that 'Q.' does not rank, at present, among poets: he is not sufficiently the master of a charm exclusively his own." Rossetti and his sister, Shirley, Wordsworth, even Rudyard Kipling, "have passed into the crucible, and we are faintly conscious of their presence; . . . but it does not modify our impression of him as an excessively clever and interesting writer, who is more than justified in employing the medium of verse." "He has," writes the *Speaker*, "the true romantic spirit, and his ballads have something of a haunting quality." Having quoted "The Gentle Savage," the critic comments: "It will be seen that this work has just the faint ineffable touch and glow that make poetry. . . . It is a minor and technical defect . . . that he has sometimes difficult inversions and an occasional harshness of metre and awkwardness of construction." "His verse," writes the *Manchester Guardian*, "is scholarly; to an ear accustomed to the poets it is full (perhaps too full) of reminiscences, but the originality it shows is of the robust kind that is not killed by a knowledge of the achievements of others." "It is not all perfection," says the *Daily News*. "The poem 'Shadows' has a forced note, and 'Dolor Oogo' abounds in wilful obscurities which the old ballad writers never attained by the worst fortune of accident."

"The Babe B.A." by K. F. Benson. (Putnam's Sons.)

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